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UP-TO-DATE MINSTREL JOKES

1903

"EXPIRED."

Int.—I see you forgot to wear your patent-leather shoes this evening.

Tambo.—Oh, it 's all off with those shoes.

Int.—What 's the trouble? Have you worn them out?

Tambo.—No, but the patent expired.

"SQUIRREL."

Bones.—Do you know the best way to catch a squirrel?

Int.—I do not. How would you start in, Bones?

Bones.—Why, that 's easy. Just get up into a tree and talk nutty.

If our church should catch fire, do you know the one thing it would be impossible to save?

Int.—That 's a hard one. Guess you will have to inform us.

Bones.—Why, the organ, because the engine could not play on it.

"NO MONEY."

Tambo.—I understand you are thinking of tal this show on a tour through the mountains later o

Int.—Yes, I was considering such a trip, but h come to the conclusion that there is no money in mountains; nothing but passes.

"VERY HIGH."

Bones.—What do you consider the highest bui ing in this locality?

Int.—Well, sir, it is considered that the (loca building is the highest.

Bones.—You're wrong. I should say the Publ Library because it has the most stories.

"THE DEW."

Tambo.—Can you tell me the difference betweer the dew that falls on the grass and the late President McKinley?

Int.—I'm afraid I could never guess that one. You tell us the difference, Tambo.

Tambo.—Well, sir, one is mist from the heavens and the other is missed from the earth.

"PING PONG."

Bones.—Did you ever play Ping Pong on an empty stomach?

Tambo.—No, sir; I usually play on our dining-room table. By the way, can you tell me what they do with lobsters in the "fish grill"?

Bones.—That depends on the kind. Most of the ones that I know always had to *shell* out.

"A KISS."

Bones.—Can you tell me the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?

Int.—I 'm sure I can 't, Bones; of course you can.

Bones.—One sews seams nice, and the other seems so nice.

Tambo.—Here 's another. Why is President Roosevelt like "America"?

Int.—Give it up, Tambo.

Tambo.—Because he is the National him (hymn).

"CONVICTS."

Int.—In going through the prison last week, I noticed the very clear complexion of most of the prisoners; can you account for that, Tambo?

Tambo.—Why, easy. That 's on account of the very simple fare they get. If they gave them rich food, why, they might *break out*.

"A DELEGATE."

Int.—Can you tell me, Bones, which strikes, the lightning or the thunder?

Bones.—Why everybody knows that; the lightning of course.

Int.—According to that, then, the thunder must be the walking delegate.

"FISHING."

Bones.—We had a fine day down the harbor la: week.

Int.—On a fishing trip, I presume?

Bones.—Yes, a party of six of us went out coc fishing. I hardly had my line over when I hauled ii a fine large fish, but do you know I couldn't take i off the hook.

Int.—Why, how's that, Bones?

Bones.—Because I was broke and it was C. O. D.

"NEVER SLEEP."

Int.—Let me see, Tambo, what did you say your name was before you adopted the stage as a profession?

Tambo.—My name was James Wagner.

Int.—Ah, yes. What family did you originate from, music or sleepers?

Tambo.—Well, it must have been music, for my father was a politician in Chicago, and he never slept.

"NO TRUST."

Tambo.—I say, Mr. Johnsing, did you know that I was in love?

Int.—You in love! Why, I don't believe you know what love is.

Tambo.—You don't. Well, I should say I did.

Int.—Well, then, what is love?

Tambo.—Love is now about the only thing not controlled by a trust.

"VERY SICK."

Int.—I understand your mother-in-law is under the doctor's care.

Bones.—Yes. He's up at the house now.

Int.—Is she dangerous sick?

Bones.—No. She's only dangerous when well.

"LOST AND FOUND."

Bones.—You remember that very handsome watch I lost five or six years ago?

Int.—Yes, I recall the occurrence.

Bones.— You remember how I looked high and low for it, and could not find it anywhere?

Int.—I remember your diligent and exhaustive search.

Bones.—Well, yesterday I put on an old waistcoat that I hadn't worn for years, and what do you think I found in the pocket?

Int.—Your watch. Do let me congratulate you.

Bones.—No. I found the hole that I must have lost it through.

"THE REAL THING."

Int.—Do you know Mr. Bones, Mr. Carnegie has a hard task ahead of him to give away two hundred and fifty millions where it will do the most good.

Bones.—That isn't the idea.

Int.—What is it then?

Bones.—To give away two hundred and fifty millions where it will do the least harm.

"BLIND."

Bones.—I'm going to tie a contribution box to my window shutter next Christmas.

Int.—Why?

Bones.—So people in passing will "help the blind."

"THE MOON."

Int.—Mose, did you ever study Astronomy?

Bones.—Yes, sah. I'se studied my gal, who is a regular Venus.

Int.—Then perhaps you know why the moon is called "she"?

Bones.—Bekase she has a sun, who comes rolling home in de mornin'.

Int.—You cannot blame him, when his mother gets full.

Tambo.—An' stays out all night.

Bones.—Dat's whar her money goes. She often has only a quarter.

Int.—Why are a girl's thoughts like the moon?

Tambo.—Kase dar's a man in it.

"MAKING MONEY."

Bones.—My brother is making more money than he can spend.

Int.—He must be very successful. What is he doing?

Bones.—Working in the mint.

"WATERMELONS."

Bones.—You don't know, Mr. Johnsing, why a watermelon is so full of water?

Int.—I'm sure I can't tell.

Bones.—It's because they are planted in the spring.

"A BAD JOB."

Bones.—Did you hear about the accident to Jim Nolan last week?

Int.—No, I did not; tell us.

Bones.—Well, you see, Jim gets very excited over fires, and he was running to one that day, and he ran into the fire engine; he not only smashed the engine, but cut off his nose, but as it happened, Dr. Bunyon was near by, and picked up his nose and stuck it on. but unfortunately got it on upside down, so now whenever it rains he has water on the brain, an' pollywogs and little toads floating around in his head, but that is not the worst of it; every time he wants to blow his nose he has to stand on his head.

"OUT WEST."

Int.—Whatever became of your oldest brother, Tambo?

Tambo.—Oh, he opened a jewelry store out West.

Int.—Is he doing well?

Tambo.—No; he's doing time; they caught him with the goods on.

"THE DEADHEAD."

Tambo.—Mr. Jimpson, can you tell when do we find the first deadhead?

Int.—The first deadhead?

Tambo.—That's what I said. Who was the first fellow that got into a theatre without paying?

Int.—Well, sir, who was the first party to get into a theatre without paying?

Tambo.—Why, Joseph, when he was let into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

Bones.—And you had to go way into ancient history to find that! I've got one for you. Try this——

Tambo.—Go on, Mr. Smarty.

Bones.—What is the difference between a mule and a lemon?

Tambo (stops a moment to think over it.)—I don't know.

Bones.—You'd be a nice man to send for lemons!

Tambo.—Well, what is the difference between a mule and a lemon?

Bones.—Golly! I don't know the answer.

Tambo.—I'd like to send you for a mule!

Bones.—I wouldn't have far to go.

Tambo.—Do you mean to say I'm a mule?

Bones.—No, sir; I've got too much respect——

Tambo.—Thank you.

Bones.—For the mule!

Int.—Gentlemen—Gentlemen!

Bones and Tambo.—Mind your business; this is our argument.

Int.—Pardon me, but this lack of respect——

Bones.—I've got respect enough; I'm chock full of it. That coon (points to Tambo) ain't got no sense, Mr. Jimpson. Just to show you, what do you think he did the other day?

Int.—Well, what?

Bones.—He stood out in front of a grocery over here, and saw a basket full of cocoanuts; and he turned around to me and said, "Look there! Did you ever in your life see potatoes with whiskers before?"

Tambo.—That ain't nothing. We was passing a plumber's shop. and he saw a sign. "Cast Iron Sinks;" and he says to me. "As if any darn fool didn't know that!"

WHAT HE SAID.

Int.—Look at here, Bones, I don't want you to speak again of my father, as you did last night.

Bones.—Me! What did I say?

Int.—You referred to him as a barefaced liar.

Bones.—Did I?

Int.—Yes, you did.

Bones.—Well, I must have been full, and forgot about his beard. Do you know that my father is one of the luckiest fellows living, everything he touches turns into money.

Tambo.—Well, not so you would notice it; he touched me yesterday, and I didn't turn into money.

AS ADVERTISED.

Tambo.—I saw you in the railroad restaurant this morning. Did you get anything to eat?

Int.—Not very much; they had very little there to eat.

Tambo.—Yes. That is as advertised.

Int.—What do you mean?

Tambo.—Why, didn't you know they've been advertising reduced fare on that railroad?

"IN THE WAR."

Bones.—You didn't know I was in the late war, d you?

Int.—No; and I'll wager you didn't know whic way to run when the firing commenced.

Bones.—Me? I was the coolest man in the arm

Int.—You were?

Bones.—You bet your life I was. I shivered fror the time I went in until I came out.

Int.—Say Bones, do you believe in capital punish ment?

Bones.—I certainly do.

Int.—Then you really believe that death in the electric chair prevents murder.

Bones.—Well, I've never heard of anyone committing murder after they had been electrocuted.

"ALL SICK."

Bones.—Can you tell me, Mr. Johnsing, the difference between a piano, a bad cigar, and my mother-in-law?

Int.—Well, that certainly is a puzzler, and I shall have to ask you to tell me. What is the difference between a piano, a bad cigar, and your mother-in-law?

Bones.—You see, a piano makes mu-sick, a bad cigar makes you-sick, and my mother-in-law makes me sick.

Tambo.—Here's an easy one for you. Why is the Boston Herald like China?

Int.—I can't say that I ever noticed any resemblance. Why is the Boston Herald like China?

Tambo.—Ain't dey both on the opposite side of the Globe?

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Tambo.—I have about decided to celebrate my golden wedding next week.

Int.—Why man, you are crazy; you've only been married, let's see—why a little over two years.

Tambo.—Well, it doesn't seem possible, for it seems like fifty to me.

Int.—By the way, is your wife a victim of the bargain days?

Tambo.—No, I'm the victim; she is dead stuck on them.

Int.—I should imagine your wife makes a deep impression on you?

Tambo.—Well, she has twice that I know of.

Int.—Twice?

Tambo.—Yes, the day we first met and last week, when she hit me on the head with a chair.

"A BAD BREAK."

Tambo.—My girl gave me the go-by last night, and all because of a bad break I made when I was proposing.

Int.—That is certainly very hard luck, Tambo, to get as far as that and then get thrown down, what was the trouble?

Tambo.—You see, I was telling her how she was "one girl in a thousand," and all the time she had an idea she was one of the 400. Did you hear about some of the elevated trains going to be run with compressed air?

Int.—No, I did not.

Tambo.—I suppose they think they can crowd more people into the cars if they compress the air.

WELL PAID.

Tambo.—I thought it was all off with me last night and I never expected to be here now.

Int.—How's that, Tambo?

Tambo.—Well, you see, I went into (local) store last night to telephone, and when I got through I asked the clerk, how much. He said fifty cents. I told him I had not got the money, but as he could remember my face, I would drop in again; if not he could get it from the other end, and you bet he did with both feet. My! how he did land on me, I guess he thought I used the long distance.

Int.—By the way, Tambo, what do you do with all those tomatoes I see you were raising this summer?

Tambo.—Why, we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can.

Bones.—Oh, my—how can you?

BACK-ACHE.

Int.—How is your wife now-a-days, Tambo?

Tambo.—Oh, her back bothers her a great deal.

Int.—Rheumatism, I suppose?

Tambo.—No, she's worrying about new clothes.

"THE PRIZE FIGHT."

Int.—Were you at the prize fight last night?

Tambo.—Yes.

Int.—Who got the worst of it?

Tambo.—The fellows who paid to get in.

CARRIE NATION'S RIVAL.

Int.—I was reading in the paper a short time ago about Miss Ruth Hanna releasing the big cruiser Cleveland from the Bath Iron Works with a little hatchet, which goes to show that George Washington was not the only one that could wield the hatchet with effect.

Bones.—That's very true. But there is a great advance in the force of the blows. George only loosened up a little bark, while Miss Hanna released a mighty cruiser.

"THE COUNTRY."

Int.—I understand you are living in the country now?

Bones.—Yes, that is correct.

Int.—You were always very fond of a good garden, so I suppose you get a great amount of pleasure from it?

Bones.—Yes; that's all I do get from it.

Int.—I understand your sister has been very ill?

Bones.—Oh, very sick; in fact, the Doctor gave her up.

Int.—How did she happen to get well again?

Bones.—She gave the Doctor up. (noise outside).

Tambo.—What was that terrible noise?

Bones.—Chicago, Ill-a-noise.

"VERY BUSY."

Int.—They tell me your brother is busy as a bee.

Bones.—Yes, sir, he has hives.

"A PROPOSAL."

Bones.—I proposed to my best girl last night.
Int.—And how did you come out?
Bones.—Through the window.
Int.—Wasn't it a great disappointment?
Bones.—It certainly was an awful come-down.
Int.—Did you feel any panes?
Bones.—Only when I came through the window
Int.—But how did it all happen?
Bones.—I was passing her house when she call me. I went into the parlor, and it was then that h father saw me and raised me. I ran out into the ha but he laid in wait, and kicked me on my re-appea ance.
Bones.—On your what?
Bones.—No, not on my what, on my re-appea ance.
Int.—Let me get this right. First you appeare next you re-appeared.
Bones.—Yes, and lastly I disappeared.
Int.—On what grounds did he kick you?
Bones.—On his own grounds.
Int.—And did he really have the soul to kick you
Bones.—Not only the soul, but the heel.
Int.—Are you going to make a kick about it?
Bones.—No, there's been too much kicking don

"A SCHEMER."

Int.—That was a nice suit of clothes you had o yesterday. What did it cost you?
Bones.—Not a penny; I schemed it.
Int.—How did you do it?
Bones.—Well, I went to my tailor, and put on th

suit, told him I was very sorry, but couldn't pay him that day, but would the next time I was in. He said, "We don't do business that way. If you can get somebody to go your security, I'll let you have it." I left the suit and went out. There is where I commenced to scheme. I went about three doors above to a bakery, and ordered five hundred cream puffs. The baker told me he did not have that many on hand, but would have them at six o'clock that night. I told him that would do, so I went back to the tailor's, put on the suit, and said, "Do you know the baker just above here?" He said, "Yes, very well." "Well, if he goes my security, I suppose it will be all right?" "Certainly." We went up, and I opened the door and hallooed to the baker: "How about the five hundred. Do I get it at six o'clock to-night?" "Without fail," he said. "Just give my tailor ten, will you?" The baker said, "I certainly will," and so I walked off with the suit.

"A MISTAKE."

Int.—Why are you looking so sad this evening?

Tambo.—I had a very fine dog, but, poor fellow, he died.

Int.—What kind of a dog was it?

Tambo.—A snake-dog.

Int.—A snake-dog? Never heard of that kind before.

Tambo.—A snake-dog is the kind that will pick up a snake and shake it until it is dead. I was walking down the street the other day when he picked up a snake-whip, and thinking it was a snake, got hold of the butt end, and shook it so hard that he actually beat out his own brains with the other end.

"AN INSULT."

Bones.—Did you hear of the row down at (l name) restaurant last night?

Int.—Why, no. What was it about?

Bones.—The armless man claimed the waiter insulted him.

Int.—In what way?

Bones.—By bringing him a finger-bowl at the of his meal.

"ALL WELL NOW."

Int.—I understand your sister has been quite si

Tambo.—Yes, she has been.

Int.—Is she strong again?

Tambo.—Is she? Well, you should just hear play the piano.

Int.—And what has become of your brother?

Tambo.—He's gone to spirit land.

Int.—Dead?

Tambo.—No; "Kentucky."

LIKE LIGHTNING.

Bones.—Can you tell me, Mr. Johnsing, what three quickest ways of communication is?

Int.—That is a hard one, Bones. I always had idea that the telegraph was the quickest.

Bones.—That's where you're wrong; there is v little difference in these three.

Int.—Well, Bones, what is the three quickest w of communication?

Bones.—Telegraph, Telephone, and tell a wor

"OLD AGE.

Bones.—Do you know this is a very healthy town.

Int.—Yes, sir—this town holds the record for health.

Bones.—My father died here at eighty-five, and my grandfather at one hundred and forty.

Int.—One hundred and forty!

Bones.—Yes—Beacon St.

"GAMBLING."

Tambo.—I was out all night last night.

Int.—What were you doing?

Tambo.—Playing a little game.

Int.—Did your wife know you were out?

Tambo.—Yes, but she didn't know how much.

"A CAKE."

Int.—Say, Bones, what do you think of a boy calling me a cake. Don't you think he had a great deal of cheek?

Bones.—I think he was perfectly right in calling you a cake. Everybody knows you are an old doughhead; why not a cake?

Int.—I want you to understand I am neither a doughhead nor a cake.

Tambo.—Yes, you are; you're all cakes. If it comes down to that, even the audience are cakes.

Int.—So you say we are all cakes; now I have a book here with a variety of cakes in. I will have to

try you on that question. Now what kind of a ca is a rich man?

Tambo.—A pound cake.

Int.—What kind of a cake is a farmer?

Tambo.—A hoe cake.

Int.—What kind of a cake is a chiropodist?

Tambo.—A chi-what-a-cuss.

Int.—No, a chiropodist. I mean a gentleman w eases the toes.

Tambo.—Oh, you mean a bunion carpenter.

Int.—Yes. What kind of a cake is he?

Tambo.—Why, he's a corn-cake.

Int.—What kind of a cake is a pretty milk-ma

Tambo.—She's a cream cake.

Int.—Well, Tambo, what kind of a cake are yo

Tambo.—Me? Yes, I'm a cake, but don't want tell.

Int.—Oh, go ahead and tell us.

Tambo.—I shan't do it (business).

Int.—Why of course you will.

Tambo.—I'm an angel cake, ain't I, girls?

Int.—What kind of a cake are you, Bones?

Bones.—I'm a short cake (showing empty pocke

Int.—Now, boys, I have one for you. What k of a cake is a red-headed girl?

Tambo.—She's a ginger cake.

Int.—What kind of a cake am I?

Bones.—You? You're an old sponge cake.

"A DUEL.

Tambo.—How quick can a man fight a duel?

Int.—Oh, that depends on circumstances.

Tambo.—No, it don't; it only takes two seconds fight a duel.

"EATING."

Bones.—Did you know that I have just written a book for the benefit of the health?

Int.—So I heard; but a book of that kind does not interest me.

Bones.—Oh, I know that; but this book was not intended for tramps. It is written to show that a man should always eat according to what his trade is; for instance, if a man is a blacksmith, he should eat nails, and if another makes glue, he should chew glue.

Int.—So you really believe that every one should eat according to his business?

Bones.—That's it, exactly.

Int.—Well, sir, if that is so, what should a lawyer live on?

Bones.—Sue-it! If you don't believe me sue-it and find out.

Int.—What should a carpenter live on?

Bones.—He never keeps house, he'd rather board. When he wants to be very high-toned he eats saw-dust. That's as fine as you can get board.

Int.—Well, Bones, what should a prize-fighter live on?

Bones.—Oh, he lives on punch.

Int.—What do motormen live on?

Bones.—They have only one meal a day. They have break-fast. (Imitates turning of brakes.)

Int.—What should a man who is always in a hurry live on?

Bones.—He should live on hasty pudding.

Int.—What should schoolboys live on?

Bones.—They should live on blubber, and are always fit for whaling.

Int.—Well, Bones, what should people that you owe money to, live on?

Bones.—You mean that you owe money to.

Int.—Well, have it your own way. What sh people that I owe money to, live on?

Bones.—Goodness knows what they should on, but I know what they would get. They'd get cold shoulder.

Int.—What should detectives live on?

Bones.—They should live on onions; then t would always be on the scent.

Int.—And what should young lovers live on?

Bones.—Oh, they ought to live on taffy.

Int.—Well, you have told us what so many pec live on, can you tell me what I should live on?

Bones.—The same thing you have always b living on.

Int.—What is that?

Bones.—Wind and sponge-cake.

"A QUEER CASE."

Bones.—I had a rather odd experience the ot day. I started from the house with my dress-suit c and got into a car. When I left the car I forgot case. I applied at the office, and the only satisfact I got was that the conductor had taken it.

Int.—Well, what did you do?

Bones.—I sued the company.

Int.—How did you come out?

Bones.—I lost the case.

Int.—How was that? Couldn't you prove that conductor took it?

Bones.—Yes; but the Judge said that anything conductor took was fare.

"EPITAPHS FOR ALL."

Int.—I have noticed that there are epitaphs for nearly all walks in life.

Bones and Tambo.—Yes, that's true.

Int.—Now, Bones, give me an epitaph for a brewer.

Bones.—"A well-known brewer lieth here,
His ails are over, he's on his bier."

Int.—Very good. Now, Tambo, give me one for a young man going West to seek a fortune out among the Indians.

Tambo.—"He was young, and he was fair.
But the Indians raised his hair."

Int.—Now one for a fireman.

Tambo.—"Gone to his last fire." (points below.)

Int.—Now, one for a tramp.

Tambo.—"He is resting still."

Int.—Now, Bones, give me one for a lawyer.

Bones.—"Here lies a lawyer, and lie he will,
Although in his grave, he's lying still."

Int.—Now, Tambo, give me one for a musical leader named Stevens.

Tambo.—"Stephen and time are now both even,
Stephen beat time, now time beats Stephen."

Int.—Now, here's one for you both. Mr. Brown, a policeman, lost his two children—twins; now compose something on that.

Bones.—We'll do it together.

Tambo.—"Policeman Brown, of our town,
Was blessed with a pair of twins;
One had a cough which took it off,
From this abode of sins."

Bones.—"And number one had scarcely gone
(Into his coffin lid),
When number two went up the flue
To join the other kid."

"GOLD MINE."

Int.—I have one for you now, Bones.

Bones.—What is it?

Int.—Can you tell me why a woman is like a gold mine?

Bones.—No, that's too rich for my blood. Why is a woman like a gold mine?

Int.—Because we never know her true value.

Bones.—That's so; but there's many a poor man went bankrupt, prospecting.

"THE WIND BLEW."

Int.—Did you hear about the accident that occurred to my wife the other day?

Bones.—No, what was it?

Int.—We were walking down ——street, and a gust of wind came and blew a lady's hat off and hit my wife's eye; and do you know, it cost me $50.00 for doctor's fees.

Bones.—That's nothing. A similar accident occurred to my wife. She was going by a millinery store, and a hat struck her eye, and it cost me $75.00

"CHILDREN."

Bones.—I know a man who has six children, and he's never seen one of them.

Int.—No. Well, that's very funny.

Bones.—No, one of them was born two months after he went to California, and he's never seen it.

"A REWARD."

Bones.—Are you going down to Cottage City on our next vacation?

Int.—Yes, I certainly am; isn't the bathing great here?

Bones.—Do you remember that girl I used to teach to float, the one with the fancy bathing suit—her dress was cut rather summerly.

Int.—That is what we call decollete.

Bones.—Do you know she was the bravest girl I ever knew?

Int.—How do you know she was brave?

Bones.—She showed more backbone than anyone here.

"A TERRIBLE GALE."

Bones.—Why don't you ever come out and visit me?

Int.—You have too many storms out where you live.

Bones.—Storms! You should have been out to my house last week. Talk about storms. It blew everything to pieces; it blew the paint off the houses; it blew the knot-holes out of the fences; it blew the sun back four hours; you know (local) street—how crooked it was.

Int.—Very well, yes——

Bones.—Well, it blew it straight as an arrow. You know old (local name) that had catarrh so bad?

Int.—Yes.

Bones.—Do you know it blew his nose; he hadn't blown it for ten years.

"ON TICK."

Tambo.—If you were going to get married, w would you like your wife to resemble?

Int.—Let me see; well, I would like my wife resemble a town clock?

Tambo.—Why so?

Int.—Because she would speak but once an ho

Tambo.—Well, I wouldn't want my wife to semble a town clock, for when she did speak, t whole town would hear her. Then again, she'd going around on tick all the time, and I sun couldn't stand that.

"ACROBATIC."

Int.—I saw you in a crockery store yesterday; wh were you getting?

Tambo.—I was buying some acrobats.

Int.—Acrobats! Acrobats are not sold at crocker stores.

Tambo.—Yes, they are. Ain't pitchers and tum blers acrobats?

"CAN'T BORROW."

Int.—How well you're looking this evening.

Bones.—I haven't got a cent.

Int.—My dear sir, you misunderstand me. Can a man pay a compliment to another without wantin to borrow money?

Bones.—Oh, yes, I suppose he can, but someho or other he never does.

"MUSICAL."

Int.—Well, boys, I have just opened a large music store on ——— street, and I have all kinds of instruments.

Tambo.—Have you got any cats?

Int.—Why, a cat is not a musical instrument.

Tambo.—Why, certainly it is.

Int.—How do you make that out?

Tambo.—Ain't a cat full of fiddle strings, that's what a cat's got. (gut.)

Int.—If you want to see a first-class music store, come around next Sunday, and I will take you through it.

Tambo.—Never mind, wait till some dark night, and we'll go through it ourselves.

"A JACKASS."

Tambo.—Say, but that "Dolly Gray" is a beautiful ballad, isn't it?

Int.—By the way, I am just going to sing that now.

Tambo.—Oh, please don't sing it. If you have any regard for me don't sing it.

Int.—Well, why not?

Tambo.—Well, I'll tell you how it is. When I used to live in the country, I had a jackass, a beautiful jackass. I used to work him on the farm,—that's before my wife died,—and I used to raise per beets, and per cabbages, and per turnips, and per——

Int.—What has that got to do with this song, sir? (To musicians) Go on and play it.

Tambo.—For pity's sake, don't sing that song, I implore you to not sing that song.

Int.—But why? why?

Tambo.—Well, I worked on this farm until wife took it into her head to die, die she must, a die she did, and left me all alone to raise my per ca bages, and per beets, and per turnips——

Int.—Well, sir, what has that got to do with singing this song? (To musicians) Go ahead a play the song.

Tambo.—Oh, please don't sing it; don't do it!

Int.—Well, then, tell me why!

Tambo.—Well, I was going to tell you. As I w saying, I worked on this farm, and years rolled awa and this jackass took it into his head to die, die h must and die he did, and that left me all alone t raise my per beets, and per cabbages, and per turnip and——

Int.—Here, I am not going to stand any more o this nonsense. (To musicians) Go ahead with the song

Tambo.—Oh, for goodness' sake, don't play tha song, it will kill me sure. It brings fond recollections back to me; please don't sing it. (Kneels down.)

Int.—But why not? explain yourself, sir?

Tambo.—Why, whenever you open your mouth to sing, you remind me of that poor jackass.

"COW AND HORSE."

Tambo.—It's really wonderful how animals differ in their methods of eating. Now take a cow and a horse, for example.

Int.—In what respects do a cow and horse differ in their method of eating?

Tambo.—A cow enjoys her food most when she has her mouth full, and a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a "bit" in his mouth.

"HARD WORK."

Bones.—Do you know, I find it a pretty hard tussle to get along in this world? I get plenty of jobs, but they don't seem to end well.

Int.—Why, what are you doing?

Bones.—Well, first I got a job keeping the flies out of the park, but I couldn't keep them out; they were too fly for me. So I got discharged.

Int.—Then what did you do?

Bones.—I got a job standing in front of a tobacco store, holding cigars in my hand as a sign. I was to get five dollars a week, and if I moved I was to give the boss seven dollars. I lost all the money I ever had; the boys came round and spit tobacco juice in my eyes, and jabbed pins in me. It was no use, I had to move. After that, I got another job holding a bull's eye in my mouth in a shooting-gallery. I had to leave that. There were more crossed-eyed men came in, and knocked all the teeth down my throat. I couldn't stand for that, and so I got another job.

Int.—What did you try next?

Bones.—I got a job rowing a boat across the ferry. That paid me pretty well, until a minister got on and broke me all up. I generally charged fifty cents to row anyone across on Sunday morning. This minister got aboard and said, "I'm in a great hurry, and I'll give you two dollars if you'll get me across before eleven o'clock." I said, "All right! jump on." We got started, and I began to row for dear life. I wanted to earn the money, you know. Pretty soon the minister said to me, "Young man, did you ever attend Sunday-school?" I said, "No, sir." Then he said, "Well, one quarter of your life is gone." I got scared, and you ought to see me row that boat. Pretty soon he said, "young man, do you ever go to

church?" I said, "No, sir." Then he said, "Well, half of your life is gone." Oh, my, but how I did row then! Then he said, "Young man, do you say your prayers every night and morning"? I said, "No, sir." Then he said, "Three quarters of your life is gone." Then you ought to see me row that boat. I was so scared, and rowed so fast, that I ran upon a rock and capsized the boat. I swam ashore as soon as possible, and then turned and saw the minister struggling in the water, nearly drowned. I said, "Mr. Minister, did you ever learn how to swim?" He said, "No." Then I said, "Well, the whole four quarters of your life is gone."

"ROWING."

Bones.—Are you fond of rowing?

Int.—Yes, I'm very fond of rowing, but my boat is a very slow one.

Bones.—Well, I can tell you how to increase de speed of your boat.

Int.—Can you, Bones? Then I will be very much obliged to you.

Bones.—Why, whenever you leave her, make her fast.

"SAILOR."

Int.—What's your occupation?

Tambo.—I'm a sailor.

Int.—You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship.

Tambo.—Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?

"MY BEST GIRL."

Tambo.—Did you see that lady I was walking down the street with to-day?

Int.—I certainly did.

Tambo.—That's my best girl. Did you see that black silk dress she had on?

Int.—Yes.

Tambo.—I gave her that.

Int.—Did you?

Tambo.—Did you see those solitaire diamonds she had in her ears?

Int.—Yes.

Tambo.—They cost me three hundred dollars. I gave her them.

Int. (with surprise)—Did you?

Tambo.—She's very pretty—nice black eyes, hasn't she? Did you notice those black eyes?

Int.—I should say I did.

Tambo.—I gave her them.

Int.—Did you?

Tambo.—And of course you saw that little baby she had?

Int.—Yes, a very pretty child.

Tambo.—That belongs to her sister.

"VERY FUSSY."

Bones.—I'm going to bring my wife around to call on you to-night.

Int.—That's right. But do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new sealskin cloak; I don't want my wife to see it just now.

Bones.—Why, that's what we are coming for.

"OPENING."

Int.—Tambo, how do you feel this evening
Tambo.—Oh, I'm as tight as a sheepskin.
Bones.—That is why you will be easily fla
Int.—Bones, what is the state of your hea
Bones.—Oh, I feel full of peach stones.
Tambo.—That's why you are so easily rol

"POCKETBOOKS."

Bones.—How did your brother make his m
Int.—In the pocket-book business.
Bones.—Is he still in the same business?
Int.—Oh, no. He has quit the pocket-book
ness, and gone into the stocking business.
know there is more money in stockings no
there is in pocket-books.

"VERY SICK."

Int.—How's your wife?
Tambo.—I am sorry to say she's at the p
death. How's yours?
Int.—She's at the "Point of Pines."

"SHOCKING!"

Int.—My sister had a terrible fright yesterd
black spider ran up her arm.
Tambo.—That's nothing. I had a sewing m
run up the seam of my pants.

HORSES.

Bones.—Do you ever go to the races?

Int.—Oh, yes, Bones; I am very fond of the races. I suppose you attend them?

Bones.—Yes, indeedy! Say, speaking of horses, do you know how to make a slow horse fast?

Int.—No. How do you make a slow horse fast?

Bones.—Don't feed him. I went to a race one day last week. There were four horses entered, and off they started. Snowball at the quarter, La Grippe at the half—Snowball, Pickles, and La Grippe in the stretch neck and neck—when, just as they came under the wire, in flew Enza (influenza). Oh, the races are very exciting.

Int.—They are, very.

Bones.—I like a close finish. A friend of mine down at the track told me to put a bet on Hydrant (he said he would run well), and another fellow told me to play Bridge (he said it was a walk-over); and one of those touts came up to me and said, "See here, young fellow, put your pile on Custard—it's a pudding." But I just took my own tip, and played an outsider, Hebrew. He won by a nose.

SHOOTING STARS.

Int.—I say, Bones, what is this I hear about your brother?

Bones.—What's that?

Int.—Why, I understood some time ago that your brother Cassius was going to marry Squire Readymoney's daughter Liza.

Bones.—Did you?

Int.—Yes, and I was also informed that the old gentleman, the squire, was going to give him ten thousand dollars.

Bones.—So he was; but I married her for nine. When we was' courting, she was the most lovable girl I ever saw, Mr. Jimpson.

Int.—Indeed. In what way?

Bones.—Oh, every way. Talk about your spooney girls. She had the funniest ideas. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Int.—What are you laughing about. Explain yourself.

Bones.—Well, I'll tell you. She was dead struck on taking moonlight walks.

Int.—Very natural indeed. All lovers have a tendency to that recreation.

Bones.—Well, Mr. Jimpson, you never saw such a girl. We would go out of an evening, and sit in the park, in some sequestered nook; and,—ha! ha! ha!—every time that girl saw a shooting-star she used to make me kiss her.

Int.—Well, I am sure you could not object to that.

Bones.—Didn't I? Why, I hardly got through osculating once before bang goes another star. Why, I nearly wore my kisser out. Don't you notice how my lip trembles? Force of habit.

Int.—And every time a star would shoot you would be compelled to kiss her?

Bones.—Every time. She never missed a shot.

Int.—And you?

Bones.—She never gave me a chance to miss one.

Int.—You could have overcome that very easily.

Bones.—How?

Int.—You should have taken her out when the stars were not visible—on a cloudy night.

Bones.—Golly! I did; and she rang in lightning-bugs on me.

"THE COLT."

Bones.—Mr. Johnsing, how is you on conundrums?
Int.—Very good, indeed.
Tambo.—I'se glad you's good for suffin'.
Bones.—Here's one for you. Why am a colt like a rich man's son?
Int.—Because he's apt to be frisky.
Bones.—Dat's correct, but not right.
Tambo.—Because he feels his oats.
Bones.—No. sah.
Int.—Because he's well heeled.
Bones.—Wrong some more.
Int.—Well, why is a colt like a rich man's son?
Bones.—Kase it won't do no work till its broke.
Tambo.—Here's one for you, Mose.
Bones.—'Lucidate your problem.
Tambo.—Why am a stutterin' man unreliable?
Bones.—I gibs dat up.
Tambo.—Because he nebber speaks wivout breakin' his word.

"GOOD ADVICE."

Int.—Did you read that article in the paper this morning, how to tell a bad egg?
Bones.—No; but if you have anything very important to tell a bad egg, I should advise you to break it gently.

"OFFICIOUS."

Int.—I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster.
Bones.—That's nothing; my sister got a diamond necklace out of a lobster.

"HE GOT IT."

Bones.—Say, Mr. Johnsing, I heard a very funny conversation this morning in the restaurant.

Int.—Is that so, Bones? I should like very much to hear about it.

Bones.—There were two Hebrews at the next table to me, and each one ordered trout, so when the waiter brought them in they were both on one plate, one large one, and one small one. Ikey said, "Help yourself, Jakie," and Jakie said the same to Ikey, till finally Jakie helped himself and took the large one. Ikey looked very mad, and said, "That is not right, Jakie. No gentleman would have done that." Says Jakie, "What would you have taken, Ikey?" "I should have taken the small one," and Jakie then said, "What are you kicking about then? Ain't you got it?"

Bones.—Say, Mr. Johnsing, can you account for the Shamrock's defeat in the recent yacht race?

Int.—No, I cannot, Bones. Perhaps you can inform us?

Bones.—Why, they put something in the water.

Int.—Put something in the water? What do you mean?

Bones.—Didn't they put the Columbia in the water?

Tambo.—I had quite a funny experience last night. I was sitting in the kitchen cleaning my revolver, when a large rat ran from the stove and into a hole.

Int.—Why didn't you shoot him? You had your pistol right there.

Tambo.—I couldn't very well. He was out of my range.

Tambo.—That was a mean trick your sister played on me.

Int.—My sister played a mean trick on you?

Tambo.—Yes. After our engagement was broken, she sent back the diamond engagement ring, and marked it, "glass, handle with care."

Bones.—I saw a terrible accident this morning in which nine lives were lost.

Int.—How was that, Bones?

Bones.—A cat was killed.

Bones.—I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamt dat I was the father of twelve little pickaninnies.

Int.—What does that signify, Bones?

Bones.—It means that things are looking very black for me.

Tambo.—I had kind of a nightmare the other night myself. I dreamt that the iceman left me a piece of ice so large that I could not get it into my ice chest.

Int.—What does that mean, Tambo?

Tambo.—It means that it was only a dream.

Bones.—I broke my razor to-day.

Int.—How did that happen, Bones?

Bones.—Same reason that induces my wife to throw plates and cups at my head—bad temper.

Tambo.—Billy was telling me to-day that you had lost your valuable bull-terrier.

Int.—Yes; we were in a railroad accident. I was saved, but the dog was killed.

Tambo.—Now, wasn't that a pity.

Bones.—You know my brother George?

Int.—Yes, very well, indeed.

Bones.—He is all the time putting up jokes o so I thought I would get back at him last night, I caught him asleep in his chair, by pouring som water down his neck.

Int.—Did he mind it much?

Bones.—I should say he did. He got hot i the collar.

Int.—Have you been teaching your dog any tricks lately, Tambo?

Tambo.—Yes. I've been teaching him to ea of my hand.

Int.—And have you succeeded?

Tambo.—Oh, very well. He ate a large piec of my hand last week.

MONOLOGUE SPECIALTY AND SO

Talk about hard luck! I think I'm the most un man that ever lived. I believe if it was raining s wouldn't have anything but a fork in my p But I don't believe altogether in hard luck fr superstitious standpoint. I get plenty of it w superstition. Some people say thirteen is an un number; but who wouldn't rather have thirteei lars than twelve? But it does seem to stick to hard luck. Only last week I got a job; I was a r a new kind of roofer. I used to rent myself out on roofs of houses that leaked when it rained, to the rain out. But it ain't rained since I took th Before that, I went into a new business, too. I a position as a "fretter." I'll tell you the princi it. You see, when anybody had any business tro or if they owed any money and couldn't pay it, I

"fret" for them. I thought I was going to make a rtune, but it wouldn't work. Then I started a newsper, a try-weekly. You know what a try-weekly is? omes out one week, and tries to come out the next. thought everything was coming my way yesterday. was up in Albany. I met a man on the street, and e said to me: "I'll give you two dollars if you will o up to Troy for me, and come back in half an hour." . knew I couldn't do it. But I didn't have a cent; so, aid I to myself, I'll try. I remembered the old adage, "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again." Well, here was no train to start for an hour. So I looked around for a vehicle—a hack, or anything—an ice-wagon would have done. At last I found a hackman that was willing to undertake the perilous voyage. He wanted three dollars; there wasn't much profit in that for me. Finally, the sky seemed to clear around my unlucky horizon, for I ran across one of these old night-hawks, who said he'd do the job for a dollar and seventy-five cents. That left me a profit of twenty-five cents. You ought to have seen that hack! I dare say you have. I mean the kind that never show up till midnight. They are generally tied together with wire and strings, and have a rope and pulley for harness, to keep the poor old nag on his pedal extremities. Well, to make a short story long, I got inside, and the driver slammed the door; he didn't break any window-glass, there wasn't any to break; but he slammed it so hard, I couldn't get out if I wanted to. You've seen those kind of hacks?. The springs are all broken, and every time they strike a rut in the road they settle your dinner; they're great things for indigestion. Well, off the driver started, bunk-a-ty-bunk over the cobblestones; first I was on this side, then on the other. But I told him to drive fast, and he was going at a Nancy Hank's gait,

till I began to get scared; then I shouted to him, "
so fast!" But he did not understand me, for he w
faster and faster; presently he struck the gutter; ba
came the whole weight of that hack down on the p
where the springs were supposed to be. What
the consequence? The bottom fell out, and I had
run all the way inside to Troy.

(Introduce an appropriate "up-to-date" song.)

"MONOLOGUE."

While riding on the elevated this morning a la
got on carrying a baby in her arms. The baby
a beauty, so I looked at it several times to admire
Of course I wasn't looking at the woman. The
time I turned round the lady frowned, and s
"Rubber." "Excuse me, madam," says I, "I thou
it was a real baby." I read in the paper the ot
day that there is no cure for blindness, but there
tobacco is an excellent cure for blindness. W
only this morning, I was walking through the p
smoking a cigar, and threw it away just as I pas
a bench on which four blind beggars were sitting,
would you believe it, every one of them made a r
for that "butt." They say that love also causes a gr
deal of blindness. Well, perhaps it does, but m
riage is a good eye-opener, all right, all right.
wife is one of the greatest bargain fiends in existe
—been so all her life—in fact, when I was a rich n
she wouldn't marry me, but after I had lost all
money, she was willing to become my wife—or
other words, she had no use for me until I
"marked down." It only goes to prove that there
tricks in all trades, even an artist isn't above practici

deception to help the sale of his pictures. The other day I happened to call on an artist friend of mine, just as he was engaged in rubbing a piece of fresh meat against the picture of a rabbit he had just painted. "What on earth are you doing that for?" I asked. "Simple enough," answered he. "I expect that rich widow Smith up here in a few minutes to look at this picture. She always brings her little dog along. When he smells the fresh meat he will lick the rabbit with his tongue. Then the widow will declare it must be a wonderful picture to deceive her dog, and pay me a good price for it. Girls did you ever notice how much time you spend fixing and crimping your hair when your best fellow comes to see you—and how much time it takes to put it up again after he's gone? There's lots of time wasted in this life.

I think the ladies should always be well protected from the cold, and wear warm clothes. So I sent my sister a present of some woolen underwear, and I got a letter from her saying the present tickled her most to death.

"GOLF."

Tambo.—Do you play golf, Mr. Johnsing?
Int.—Yes. I went two miles to-day after a ball.
Tambo.—Are the saloons so far apart?

"HIS WIFE."

Int.—Did you see any strange sights when you were down town this morning?

Bones.—Certainly, I hadn't gone two blocks before I met your wife.

A MONOLOGUE.

I made up my mind to go west last winter for m health. The family physician prescribed the climat of the far West, as particularly beneficial to perso suffering from my peculiar ailment. The doctor sa to me one day, "Where do you feel the most annoy ance—in which lung?" I told him that's what I wa paying him to find out—I really didn't know of ho many lungs I was the happy possessor, and he assure me that two was usually the limit. I told him I didn care to go over the limit, and I asked him how muc I owed him. He said, "Two—two dollars." That w another limit—two-dollar limit—so I called him. should say, paid him. And I asked him if I had b ter come around again. He said, "Yes"; and I sa "When, Doc.?" and he said, "The next time you got another two dollars."

Well, as I was saying, he advised me to go W So I packed up all my luggage, my mother-in-law cluded, and started with my family for the plains; to avoid the expense and rush at meal times en ro we took along a half dozen ham sandwiches and sc hard-boiled eggs, to aid digestion.

We finally reached Omaha, then Chey-mary mean Chey-enne. There we struck one of those lightful blizzards, which impressed me with the gl ous climate at once. Snow! Well, I never saw much snow in all my life. There were only fift passengers on the train. That night, about ei o'clock, we ran into a snowdrift, and couldn't mo There we were, and for how long we didn't kn After a few days it looked as though the provisi would give out before we were released from snowy surroundings. My ham sandwiches and ha boiled eggs were a thing of the past, and the pang

hunger were fast approaching. The other passengers were contenting themselves with snow pudding, and playing seven-ups for icicles, while the heartrending appeals of my mother-in-law for something more substantial were appalling. I tried to soothe her inconsolable distress, but all to no avail.

Finally, we learned the blockade was so heavy that we stood no chance of getting out till the spring. The crisis had arrived. We had eaten the pack of cards and the hand baggage of the passengers, and made coffee by boiling our old shoes. So it was resolved one night that, to sustain life, we would have to make cannibals of ourselves; and so we agreed to cast lots, to decide who was to be the victim—that is, who was to be eaten—and the lot fell to my mother-in-law.

I got a wing, the wish-bone, and the neck. We relished the old lady very much indeed, and it laid to rest the idea I always had that she was tough. I found her very tender, particularly the gizzard. It was the first time I was ever able to keep her down. The next day we dined on cold mother-in-law. Well, we lived on mother-in-law for a week. It was something new; she had been living on me for ten years.

After the old lady was gone, of course we were as bad off as ever, and it became necessary to draw lots once again; and this time it fell to one of the passengers, a thin old man, who was a confirmed hypochondriac. He imagined he was sick all the time. He used to put Ayers' Sarsparilla on his meat instead of Worcestershire Sauce, and sweeten his coffee with bi-carbonate of soda instead of sugar, and he used to make sago pudding out of Carter's pills. He only had two fingers on one hand—lost the other three playing seven-up, rubbing out too many chalks.

Well, we finally killed him; and as he was pretty old and thin, we didn't have much trouble. We con-

cluded to electrocute him. We gave him three dri of Jersey lightning, and he died; and as his thin and age made it next to impossible to roast or him, we made up our minds to bile him. But it a failure. We worked on him for hours, but it no use. He had taken so much medicine, there no bile in him.

"A GOOD FIGURE."

Bones.—I saw your sister on the street to-day.
Int.—How was she looking?
Bones.—I don't know. I didn't see her face.
Int.—How do you know it was my sister?
Bones.—Oh, I'm very quick at figures.

"DEWEY."

Tambo.—I see Admiral Dewey's rank is redu
Int.—What is he, a commodore?
Tambo.—No.
Int.—A captain?
Tambo.—No.
Int.—Well, what is he, then?
Tambo.—Mrs. Dewey's second mate.

"AN EXPERT NEEDED."

Bones.—They ought to have at least one dan master on the Schley inquiry board.
Int.—Why?
Bones.—So as to decide whether the Brookl waltz movement was well timed or not.

"MONOLOGUE."

Last summer I was boarding with an eccentric old mer, who owned two big barns. One day a light-ıg-rod agent came along, and after considerable ar-ment persuaded the farmer to let him fix rods on e of the barns, as an experiment. That very night thunderstorm swept over the country, and a bolt lightning struck one of the rods that the agent had ıt up that day, thus saving the barn from destruc-ɔn. The very first thing next morning, the light-ng-rod agent was around to congratulate the farmer. ıo was almost weeping for joy. "That saves me oney, by gosh!" he exclaimed. "Of course it does," ıswered the agent. "I suppose you will have rods ıt on the other barn at once." "Not by a dern ght," answered the farmer, "I'm going to have them ɔds moved to the other barn; lightning never strikes vice in the same place." My friend Jones and I took little trip across the ocean this summer, and poor 'at Jones was sick nearly all the way. One night it 'as very foggy on the water, and every few minutes ıe vessel fog-siren gave out short, sharp grunts. /hen Jones heard these he exclaimed, "Begorra! this ɔor ship must be having a dreadful pain in its cabin." nother time, Jones was wandering around the ship, hen all of a sudden he asked one of the sailors, /hat part of the ship am I in now?" "You're on e quarter-deck," answered the sailor. "Is that it?" id Jones, as he took twenty-five cents out of his ɔcket, "I thought everything on board was free." While in Ireland, Jones learned to play the great ıme of golf, and one day while playing, he hit one the attendants squarely in the eye, knocking him nseless. Jones gave him a five-dollar bill by way consolation. When the injured man saw the

amount of the bill, he exclaimed, "I hope you wil soon after playing again." The next day Jones taken sick, and had to have the doctor. He gave l some pills, and told him to take them in wa About two hours later the doctor called, and fo Jones sitting in the bath-tub. "What are you do there?" he exclaimed. "I'm only obeying instr tions," replied Jones. "Didn't you tell me to t the pills in water?"

"THE SWITCH."

Int.—You look agitated; what's the matter?

Tambo.—I had a horrible dream last evening. I was about to step into my bed my wife asked me lay her false hair on the bureau. Just as I reached bureau, I fell asleep, and in my dreams saw a terri railroad collision in which thirty-four people w killed, and it was all my fault.

Int.—I don't see how it could have been your fa

Tambo.—Didn't I fall asleep by the bureau which my wife's hair was lying?

Int.—Well, what of it?

Tambo.—Then, doesn't that prove that I was asl "at the switch"?

"THE HELMSMAN."

Tambo.—Can you tell me, Mr. Johnsing, wh helmsman is lashed to the wheel in a storm?

Int.—I'm sure I can't. Why?

Tambo.—Because if he runs the boat aground can go ashore on his wheel.

"MONOLOGUE."

Ah, good evening, ladies and automobiles. Glad see you all looking so happy this evening. I sup-se it's because all the factories are running on full ıe at present. That's what pleases the actors' too, - when the factories are running full time it means hands are working—and what actor doesn't like see all hands working—it's good for an encore ery time. Now, understand me right—this is no ;ive me your kind applause" talk, but when my rn is finished, if the palm of your hand should hap-n to be asleep, you'll find that bringing it hard ;ainst the palm of the other hand, say, a dozen nes, is an excellent cure. We had quite a blow-out our house this morning. The new hired girl blew ıt the gas in the gas stove, and the gas blew out the le of the kitchen. The shock of the explosion 'oke every window in the dentist's office across the ay—in fact, you might say it made him a "paneless" :ntist. He has a sign on his door which reads, Knock before entering"—in other words, you've got be a knocker if you want him to fix your teeth. he other day a man named Knox came to have a oth drawn. He noticed the sign on the door, and ıve two knocks. The dentist heard the two knocks, ıt when he came to the door, he only saw one Knox, ıt anyhow, talk about prize knockers, I saw six ındred men to-day with their hammers out—yes in-:ed—they were a lot of carpenters going to work. little further down the street I saw an awful col-ion— a trolley car ran into a brewery wagon, and rew all the passengers into the street. One old man ıd his left arm and three ribs broken, but even then : wouldn't acknowledge he was hurt. He must be Christian Scientist, says I. "Nope," says the man,

standing next to me, "he's the president of the ro
Being in a railroad smashup is almost as bad as be
in a war. I've been in three wars. I was in the Sp
ish war, and I've been married twice. My first w
was as good a little woman as ever breathed, and
breathed pretty loud at that—in fact, I used to th
she snored. I had to ask her thirteen times before
would consent to marry me, and yet some folks
that thirteen isn't an unlucky number. Poor wom
she accidentally swallowed a cake of yeast—there
"dead swell' way of leaving this earth—anyway,
wife's friend had charge of the wake, and as I ha
the idea of becoming a lonely widower, I proposed
her right then and there. She asked me for twen
four hours' time in which to consider my offer. W
I came to her next day for my answer, she said sh
marry me because she knew I'd be good and kind
her. "What makes you think that?" says I. "
cause," says she, "when I laid out your wife last ni
there wasn't a black and blue mark on her." Bu
wasn't the only one that wanted to marry her, no
deed—Tommy Gilligan was after her too—in
one day he and I came to blows about her, and I
knocked out in the first round. Now you'd think
would have chosen Gilligan after that, but she
me; she said she wanted to be married to the man
could lick the easiest.

"A FINE SHOT."

Int.—My wife's a fine shot. She can hit a d
every time.

Bones.—That's nothing. My wife goes thr
my trousers every night, and never misses a dim

"MONOLOGUE."

Iow do you like my shirt waist? Oh, girls, you're at. You've been wearing our coats and our vests, . never again. I'm going to wear this shirt waist winter. I've got to. I had to hock my coat to get : money to buy it. I went to a party the other ;ht,—a swell party you know. One fellow took my :, another fellow took my coat, and some fellow ›k my watch. A fellow sang, "Rock me to sleep," d some one hit him on the head, and he went to ep all right. There was a man at the party the name of Spencer; he was related to the Spen-ian pen. He wrote a thousand words on a postal rd. But that was nothing. There was Wm. J. yan, he is the only man in the world who ever ote a whole book on a silver dollar. Then there is a Rube there. Do you know what a Rube is? e's a second cousin to a Jay. He recited a poem id then the bell rang. I thought it was a fight, it it was for supper. Talk about filling your ce. They had everything at that supper. They id fried ice-cream, and Garfield tea, and Dutch ocktails. Do you know what a Dutch cocktail is? 's a glass of sour beer with a fly in it. Then a girl ked for some tenderloin steak, and they asked her iat part of the tenderloin she wanted, and she said, ı little above Dover St."

I came home at four o'clock this morning, and I ln't want to wake my wife, and so I came in very ietly, and went up-stairs, and began to rock the idle. I had been rocking quite a while, when my fe woke up. She said: "How long have you been cking that cradle?" I said, "About an hour," and e said, "Well, the baby's here in bed with me." 'erything now is politics. Everyone is talking

about "imperialism" and "expansion," and I wa
tell you that I don't believe in expansion. Not t
don't believe that our great American flag is l
enough to cover suffering humanity everywhere
what's the use of taking in China and the Philipp
We've had the open door policy in China for
years, and we're worse off than ever. Let's purs
different policy toward the Chinaman. Let us ex
to him the hand of brotherly love. Let us rest
heathen head upon our manly bosom, and give hi
good, stiff punch in the jaw. Talk about mean r
my brother gave his little boy a penny for goin
bed without his supper. After the little boy had g
to sleep, he steals the penny from his pocket, an
the morning he whips him for losing it.

"FACTS AND FANCY."

Int.—Do you know the difference between
and fancy?

Bones.—I does.

Int.—Can you give us an illustration?

Bones.—Suttenly. It am a fac dat yo' owe m
dollars, Mr. Johnsing, an' I fancy dat it'll be a
day in August when I gets de money.

Tambo.—I'll 'lucydate the difference 'tween fac
fancy.

Int.—Give it to us.

Tambo.—I fancy dat I'll ask this crowd to ta
drink.

All.—(eagerly) All right.

Tambo.—(turning away) But de fac' am I wo

All.—(with disgust) Oh.

"TRAMP MONOLOGUE."

You wouldn't think I was once one of the 400, would you? My number was 399 (on the island). I dropped into one of those places this morning by accident, and asked the bar-tender for a drink. He asked me if I'd got the money to pay for it—right out loud. He finally set a bottle out on the bar, and I filled a glass, and drank it. I then told him that I was financially embarrassed. That's about all I remember. The minute I said I lacked the necessary, he stung me. I don't know whether he hit me with a piece of lead-pipe or a monkey-wrench. Whatever it was, it was a success. It bounced off and killed a dog. The dog would have chewed my ear off, only I told him it was Friday. The bar-tender then pointed a long, glittering thing at me, and told me to give up. I asked him what that was, and he said it was a revolver. I told him not to startle me that way. (I thought it was a stomach-pump.) Last week I went to see a football game with a friend of mine, who is a hunchback. He had a sweater on, and during the excitement of the game some one tackled him. They thought he had the ball up his back. They ploughed up the field with him, and when they finally excavated him, he was pretty well straightened up. Then the captain said to the half-back "You take the hunchback down to the gate and give him his quarterback." The other day I was out in the country, and I saw a girl standing on a cow's back washing windows. I was just telling her that she ought to be with a circus, when her mother hollered out the window, "Melindy, who are you talking to?" The girl says, "I dunno; it looks like a mud-turtle." Well, the ole lady glanced out and saw me. She says, "Melindy, come into the house at once, and bring the

cow with you." Just then the old man arrived on the scene with a brindle bull-dog, and told him to "sick me. He sickened me all right. After he got through sickening me, I wouldn't have given five cents for the best bicycle that ever was made. I always despised country dog, anyway. They're so deceitful. Such back-biters. After this I'm going to have a rubber tire sewed in my trousers. I'm tired of being punctured. I came near being pinched this morning. I met a society lady. I don't recall what brewery she represented. She had with her a small, mud-colored, monkey-faced French poodle attached to a string. Well, I was hurrying down to the bank, holding my head up—I didn't want to spill it—when I accidentally stepped on the young lady's dog. You know I have a great habit of stepping on things. I had a step-father. Tears ran down the young lady's face; I felt touched, and said, "Miss, if your dog dies, I'll replace him." She looked at me scornfully, and said, "Go home! You flatter yourself!" (Introduce song and exit).

"HIS SISTER."

Bones.—Have you ever met my sister, Louisa?
Int.—Yes. She's rather stout, isn't she?
Bones.—I have another at home—Lena

"FASTING."

Bones.—I'm nearly starved. Just got in from six-hour trip on the train.

Int.—But couldn't you get anything to eat on the cars?

Bones.—Nope. It was a "fast" train.

"MONOLOGUE."

Now you talk about your unlucky men, just gaze on your humble servant. Do you know I arrived at the (local) hotel last week, and while the chambermaid was arranging my room, I was singing, "I don't know why I love you, but I do, do, do," and she sued me for breach of promise. I next bought an accident policy, and travelled nine thousand miles around the country without even getting the grippe, and two days after the policy ran out I slipped on the asphalt and broke my leg. It is a year and six months yesterday since I left off smoking, and I have been putting the money saved in the bank. So yesterday I went down to draw the money and invest it in copper stock; upon arriving there I saw a crowd standing around the door, and then discovered that the bank had failed. No, gentlemen, take my advice, and don't leave off smoking with a view to saving money.

I used to court a girl named Jennie, and I used to call her "my Jennie," and she used to call me "her Tom." Now, wasn't that foolish? A man gave me a pretty little dog, so, out of love for my girl I called my dog Jennie. So the next night when I called, I said, "Jennie, I named my little dog after you today." It was all off in a minute. She said, "Tom, how could you, when I thought you loved me so?" I said, "Why, I don't see anything to get mad about, just because I named the dog Jennie. Half the cats in the country are named after me."

I tell you, fellows, a man in order to be master of his own house must lay the law down to his wife about once in so often; you've got to do it, or they'll think they have you bluffed. All it requires to do this is a little firmness. Now, I generally get in a

room, lock the door, and then tell my wife what I think of her through the keyhole.

We called on a real-estate agent last week to rent a house; he gave us the address of one, and told us what it rented for. We looked at the place, and found that it wouldn't do at all. When my wife handed the key back to the agent, she said: "That house is in a terrible condition; it is so damp that moss is growing on the walls." He took the key, and said, "Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect for that rent, American Beauties?"

"A CHARMER."

Tambo.—The last time I saw you, you were trying a charm for a wart on your right knuckle. How did it work?

Int.—Well, it left there and went over on my left knuckle.

Tambo.—Oh, I see. It didn't go out of business—it merely changed hands.

"HAD TO MOVE."

Int.—I understand you have been having some trouble with your landlord?

Tambo.—Yes, indeed; he said I would either have to pay my rent or vacate.

Int.—I suppose his words moved you to tears.

Tambo.—No, they moved me to the sidewalk.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

STUMP SPEECH.

ıe comedian assuming the character to make himself up as an old woman, with spectacles, a dark dress to the ankles, a man's coat and vest, and a high hat, and to carry an umbrella.

Human Humbugs and Male Monstrosities: I ap-
:ar before you dis evening to disgust you on the
ıbject of woman's rights and matrimony in general.
/hat is matrimony? Matrimony is de frying-pan,
ıd woman is de fish dat is fried in de pan; man is de
ɔok, and we dear, poor suckers what he dones brown
› suit his own imbecilic appetite. Oh, girls!—oh,
irlie, girlie, girlie! don't be misled by dis monster in
antaloons dat would make a slave ob you. Assert
ourself! Why should man rule de destinies of our
:x? 'Cause he has whiskers? No. I've got a maiden
ınt dat shaves three times a week, and you can bet
o man is her boss. Is it, then, because he can go
ı a bar-room and stand up de house for drinks?—has
come to dat?—or, on de other hand, is it because,
hen he leaves dat bar-room and falls asleep on de
eps of de neighboring drug store, wakes up and see
: colored lights in de window, and thinks he's in a
reet car on his way home, and hollers to a passer-
' to let him off at Twenty-sixth Street, and takes
m for a conductor? No—no. Is dat de reason?
ıould we stand humbly by and let him usurp all the
·erogatives of his sex? Never, you blessed little
eatures, never! When he comes home and swears
: hasn't been drinking, and says his tongue is so
·y he would have to wet it with a sponge before he
›uld lick a postage-stamp, is you, poor lamb, gwine

to believe him? Not much. Don't—oh, don't run after de man! If you wants a husband, let de man run after you. De trap never runs after de mouse, but it gathers him in, just the same.

Secondly, dar's de honeymoon, or in some cases, de winegar moon, dat passes away like de contents of a clam chowder pot afore a parcel of hungry niggers. Den—aha!—den, den you may wear your weddin' dress at de washtub, an' your seventeen-penny calico on Sundays, an' your lord an' master won't know it. You may pick up your own pocket hankerfitch, an' rip your dress up de back stretchin' across de table for anoder flapjack, an' he don't bodder to help you. Eh! Ah! How's dat?

An' all de time he is layin' his breakfast in, just as if it was de last meal he was a gwine to eat on dis side of de kingdom comin'. Den he gets up from de table, lights his cigar wid de last evening's paper afore you've had a chance to read it, and gives three or four whiffs at it, just enough to set your head achin' all day. Eh? Ah! How's dat?

Den, jist as he's goin' out, you ax him if he won't do a little errand for you. What does he say? Eh? Ah! Why he tells you dat he's very sorry he can't oblige you, but he's so pressed wid business. Dat's de 'scuse. You needn't grin at me, you he-crocodiles. You know it's de trufe. Eh? Ah! How's dat?

But 'spose you was to see him about 'leven o'clock, takin' ice-cream wid a young lady in Delmonico's, while de misfortunate wife is at home, puttin' new linins to his coat-sleeves, or sewin' buttins on his what-you-may-call-'em? Eh? Ah! How's dat?

Den, when he comes home at night, he'll just walk in, pull off his obercoat, and say, "How de do, Sally?" or somefin' just as cool; an' down he'll sit in front ob de stove, pull de newspaper out ob his pocket, and

ead it all to hisself. He eats his supper, and down ıe lies on de sophia, and snores away till nine o'clock; len he gets up and licks de chillun for half an hour, ust to keep himself in training, he says. Oh, good ›eople! When I say "good people," I mean ladies. Dey ain't no good men—at least, I nebber found one, ınd I've had seventeen husbands. Reckamember lat dere's many a slip between de Battery and Fifty-ninth Street, and whatever may be your lot in life, try to get a corner one.

(A man comes on at back and hangs up a sign, a placard, unseen by the speaker, which reads: "Wanted —A Female Tramp. Five Hundred Dollars Reward for Her Capture." He continues.) Oh, my hearers! my heart is too full for utterance, when I think of the wrongs to which we poor, degraded sufferers from de torments of man is subjected to! And when I look back—oh, when I look back——

(He looks around, sees sign and picks up umbrella, sneaking off the stage.)

"SMOKING."

Bones.—Have you another cigar like the one you gave me yesterday?

Int.—Certainly. Here's one.

Bones.—Thanks. I'm trying to break my boy of smoking.

"THE DOCTOR."

Int.—You haven't been looking very well lately.

Bones.—No, indeed; I've been threatened with appendicitis.

Int.—Who threatened you?

Bones.—The Doctor.

"STUMP SPEECH."

"UMBRELLAS."

(The speaker comes on the stage with an umbrella; looks at it, then looks at the audience.) Well, I kept de best one. Umbrellas is de hardest thing in de world for to keep. And I've had so much experience dat I'm gwine to put a ball and chain on dis one. I'm gwine to tell you my experience. I went to meeting last Sunday week. Jeemona, how it did rain! Well, I never saw it rain so hard befo' in all my natural born days. I took my umbrella with me, and when I got to the meetin' house I put it under de seat, away from de eyes of de scrutinizing multitude. Well, the rain continued to pour down so hard dat you couldn't tell what de text was; and when it was all over I got ready to go out in de elements. But, lo and behold you! some one had just swiped my umbrella. I looked all around, and examined everybody's umbrella when dey was gwine home, but I couldn't extinguish mine no whar'. So I went home in all dat rain in my new two-dollar pants; and when I got home dey had shrunk up so dat I have to use 'em for a necktie. I made up my mind, though, dat I'd get dat umbrella back. So, las' Sunday I went to meeting again; and when de congregation had all dissembled, I jis' came to de front and stood by de pulpit, and I said: "Brotheren and Sisteren—somebody on las' Sunday, in dis high edifice, stole my umbrella. Now I ain't going to say who is de purloiner; but I'se got him spotted, and I could denounce his name now. But lemme say to you all individually and collectively, if dat umbrella isn't in my back yard befo' six o'clock to-morrow morning, I'll come around hyar next Sunday morning and tell de whole congregation who took it. And what do you think? Ha, ha, ha! When I woke up

is mornin' de back yard was full ob umbrellas. I eckon dis is de best one. We has a most peculiar make-up to de congregation in dat church you eber hear tell on. Deres de New family, dey all attends. And what a family dat is! Dey comes from Salt Lake City. It's de largest family in de whole sect. They has seventeen children, all boys. Think of that! There's Johnny New and Jimmy New, and Henry and Alexander and Robert, and—well, there is so many ob 'em dey run out ob names. The last boy was named Nothing-Nothing New. Last week there was a little baby girl come; the first one. They named her Something-Something New. But I do verily believe dat Rastus Peppergrass is de foolishest man dat tends dat chapel. One Sunday de preacher—Reverend Eversole Shark—he says to us all: "I would like one ob de congregation to give me some subject to 'lucidate on, on which de poor sinner may want some knowledge, and I will endeavor, if he has anything he doesn't understand, to explain it to him." Up jumps Rastus Peppergrass, and he says: "Mr. Preacher, dar is one thing that bothers me in de good book. You know dat we read dat Nebuchadnezzar eat grass?" "I certainly does," says de preacher. "And now, young man, what does you wish me to explain?" says he. "Well," says Rastus, "I want tu know how much dey axed him a week for pasture."

"WHERE."

Int.—Did you ever see an elephant's skin?

Tambo.—Yes, sir.

Bones.—Where?

Tambo.—On his back.

Bones.—Oh, I didn't know but that it was in his trunk.

CROSS TALK.

Did your sister marry a rich husband? No, he's a rich man, but a poor husband.

I don't believe in purgatory. Well, you might go further and fare worse.

Is your watch all right now? No, but it's gaining.

Did it take you long to set the mouse trap? No, not after I got my hand in.

Were you bashful the first time you called on your girl? Yes, but her father helped me out.

What are your visible means of support? I show strangers where they can get drinks, and then go in partnership with them at the bar.

He wants to be cremated when he dies. Well, there's nothing like a hot finish.

Where's your sister? Over in London, living high. Where's your's? Over in Proctor's. Living pictures.

Did you hear about your friend getting twelve months? Why, I'm surprised. Yes, some kind friend gave him a calendar.

What kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I'm gone, Billy? Billy, (coolly) Brimstone.

Miss Ruth Bryan, after a desperate run for a street car and catching it, was heard to remark, "Well, I'm glad one of the family can run for something and get it."

I dropped a ten dollar gold piece into the contribution box Sunday. What was the matter with it?

This is a vile cigar you have just given me. Yes, it's the one you gave me last night.

I hear Anthony Comstock had your wife arrested yesterday. Yes, she forgot to dress her hair before she went out.

Would you go through fire for your mother-in-law? I'd have to; she's dead.

There are two things in this world that people are never prepared for. What are they? Twins.

I hear your friend Brown is slowly sinking. You couldn't expect him to sink fast; he hasn't had a doctor yet.

Did you hear about Peterson jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge? The papers said it was a case of suicide, but it wasn't; it was a case of drop-see.

They tell me your friend, the musical director, has skipped without paying his musicians. Yes, he beats the band, doesn't he?

You know that woman I hired to clean the press room? The one you didn't pay?? That's the one. She was here to-day and said if she didn't get her money she'd come around and clean out the whole place. Isn't she generous?

Man.—What's happened, my boy? Perhaps I can help you.

Boy.—(crying)—I lost a quarter, and when I go home I'll get licked for it.

Man.—Oh, well, don't cry; here's another quarter. How did you lose the first one?

Boy.—"Matching." I have no luck at all.

When I was a boy I worked in a store, and the boss put a five dollar gold piece on the floor. I found it and gave it back to him. He said, "You are an honest boy; I put it there to try you." I said, "That's what I thought."

Did you know that my mother married a spiritualist? How are they getting on? Oh, medium.

She.—Say, conductor, I forgot my pocketbook, but if you'll let me ride, I'll give you a kiss.

Conductor.—I'd like to oblige you, ma'am, but I'm afraid the company would hardly consider that fare.

The leading lady and the soubrette had a quarrel at rehearsal this morning. Well, don't worry about

it. They'll make-up before they go on the stage to-night.

Hullo, said the chestnut to the robin, What are you? I'm a little bird (said the robin). I'm a little burred, too (said the chestnut).

That Dunbar girl is getting to be a very clever pianist. Yes, what is the clever performance this time? She played a storm at the seaside last night with so much effect that it brought out the life-saving corps.

A passenger on the New York elevated told the conductor to let him off at Minute St. He replied, "There is no such street." "Oh, yes, there is. Sixty-second."

I went into a hotel yesterday and ordered a Manhattan cocktail. Did you get it? No, the man-hattan't any.

Say, Joe, where have you been for a week? I've been to the lamp store. What for? Why, for a wick (week).

Did you notice the new sign that (local barber) has got? No, I have not. It reads: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always to-morrow.

Carpets are curious things, aren't they? How's that? Why, although they are bought by the yard, they are worn out by the foot.

Did you ever see a cake walk? No, but I've seen a cracker box.

Is your friend Soakley a hard drinker? I never knew him to take a soft one.

Do you think the baby looks like me? Yes, poor thing.

I want to ask you a question. All right, ask away. I'm thinking of getting married again. Now, you have been married three times to my knowledge; tell

/hich wife you liked the best. You bite three
ıs one after the other, and then tell me which
: sweetest.
ll you lend me your face? What for? To go
ing with. Is yours worn out already?
ıu know my brother Jim? Yes. He's moving
e best society now. Is that so? Then he has
up in the world. Oh, yes, he's a piano mover.
ıve you been to any dances lately? Yes, my wife
. went to the garbage gentleman's ball last week.
ɔurse you had a pleasant time? Most certainly
id. It was a very "swill" affair.
ll you kindly let me have a couple of dollars?
idea, sir; you had better ask for manners than
:y. I asked you for what I thought you had the
of.
n't I sell you a phonograph? It will store up
thing you say and repeat it to you. No, sir.
got a wife.
n the sardine box? No, but the tomato can.
ere's no use talking, a man can't play golf and
: at the same time. So you've sworn off golf,
you?
ı't he the most tiresome talker you ever heard?
he reminds me of a woman sharpening a pencil.
your nerves on edge, eh? Not only that, but it
him so long to get to the point.
ı you know every time ——— begins to sing I
' I'm going to be bored. Well, I can say the
thing about a mosquito.
n a man purchase happiness? I think not; I've
the minister liberally every time I've been mar-

ıever saw your father without a frown on his
does he always frown? No, he never frowns
when you are around.

What time is it? Have you got your watch on? No, I've just returned from a little game.

The only secret a woman can keep is her age. But that's very seldom a secret, she only thinks it is.

Yes, I consider my life a failure. Oh, how sad. Why should you say a thing like that? Because I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, but the food disagrees with me and the clothes don't fit.

What's the matter, old man, third rail eye? No, elevated eyebrow.

That's a fine pocketbook you have. Yes, my wife gave me that for a birthday present. Indeed, anything in it? Yes, the bill for the pocketbook.

Mrs. (local) complains that her pictures don't look like her. Complains, does she? She ought to be grateful.

Were you upset by the bank failure? Yes, I lost my balance.

I hear her father kicked you out last night? No, he missed me, lost his balance, and I carried him into the house, and was forgiven.

How did you come to know your wife before you married her? I didn't. I only thought I knew her.

Were you well off before you married? You bet, but I didn't realize it.

Who was the woman you tipped your hat to as we came up the street. My boy, I owe a great deal to that woman. Then it must have been your mother. No, my washwoman.

My brother has a cracked voice. I suppose that comes from his breaking his word so much.

See how sad that poor fellow looks out there. I suppose he has loved and lost. More likely he has loved and won.

"STUMP SPEECH."

The subject of my speech this evening will be transcendentalism, or should married men work? Or, perhaps you would best appreciate something in a lighter vein, so I will discant upon this question: What shall we do with our new possessions—when we get them? We are the greatest country in the world to-day. We have the finest navy—chewing or smoking. Our steamships carry the biggest loads, and so do our sailors—and some of our actors. We discovered electricity. At first we thought it was a great thing, but soon made light of it. We have the prettiest women in the world, but some of them are not so pretty as they are painted. We have the finest men in the world. They are men you don't meet every day. Some of them only come out at night. A great many people think this great and glorious country was discovered by Columbus for the Spaniards. He didn't do anything of the sort. He discovered it for the Dutch and Irish. The Dutch settled the country, and the Irish settled the Dutch. But after all, the real people are the Hebrews. No wonder they are called the children of the get-dough.

But all the heroes don't go to war. Look at Dr. Munyon, who says, "The man who takes my medicine will not take any other." Here are some of the testimonials he has received: "Dear doctor, when I began taking your medicine I could see but little, now I can see my finish." Here is another: "Dear doctor, you told me to take one pill three times a day. I took it once, but I couldn't get it up again." Another man writes, "Dear doctor, I still stick to your porous plasters."

One evening while touring New Jersey, where the average citizen's bump of intelligence is a dent, I en-

tered a hotel. The accommodations were so po that I asked the landlord if there were no other hot in town. "Yes," replied he, "there is one on the ne corner, but the proprietor has gone out West for h liver." "Why," said I, "have you no butcher sho here?" I suppose he went east for his lights. We I went into the dining-room for breakfast, and th waiter said: "What'll you have, steak or coffee?" asked him if he had any eggs, and he said he had som nice farmer's eggs. I asked him if he had any hen' eggs, and he brought me two—boiled. I opened on of them. He asked me if he should open the other I told him, no, to open the window. He asked me i the eggs were not cooked long enough, and I tol him I thought so, but they weren't cooked soo enough. Then I called for a lobster, and he brough in the boss. I complained to him about the eggs, an he said, "Don't talk to me, I'm not the hen." I said "Well, you own the place, don't you?" "Yes," said he. "I own the place, but I don't eat here."

STUMP SPEECH.

Fellow-Constituents and Brother Constituatorys: I have been invited to address dis meeting dis evening by the committee of ways and means. I arrived in your beautiful city about ten minutes ago; I would hab been here sooner if I had got here before. But de committee ob ways and means failed to send me my railroad ticket, and I was obliged to walk. De mean ways of de ways and means is too despicable to be criticised by me dis evening, and I should not be here if I had not come. Now dat I am here, I will proceed to address you on my own responsibility, and

treat de committee with silent contemptuousness. But before proceeding, I desire dat de hall door shall be locked, and a collection taken up to defray de expenses of de meeting. You all know, my hearers, dat we have just gone through an era of incongruous and imperceptible conglomeration of indefatigable multifariousness, and are on de ebe of entering into a series of promulgation for de amelioration of historical infanticide dat will eventually terminate in de disfranchisement of periodical imbecility. Ah, my dear brethren, do you ever, I say do you ever (hits table with his umbrella), do you ever (hits at table and misses it, and falls to the floor, gets up and strikes an attitude). Of course you do. But consider, oh, fellow-citizens, consider where we stand (looks at the spot where he fell)—consider our sufferings with a vehemence of exultant agitation that will touch a tender chord in your heart. And sometimes in the dark hours of adversity, when the political sky now gilding the horizon with its ubiquitous perspicuity shall arise in all its vast glory. Then, my friends and disgusted hearers, strike, strike (bringing umbrella down on the table each time) strike! (he now brings umbrella down on his high hat and crushes it). Three strikes and out! But again, as it were, so to speak, should we, as free-born American citizens, stand calmly by, in the face of our impending obscurity, and permit monopoly and monopolists to overcome our serenity with their unparallelled millions? No! I say, no! In the words of George Francis Train, "Who pays the freight?" Ah, my hearers, that is the question. And when you put it to them, what is their answer? Eh? What is their answer? Why, it is simply this: Why—er—ah. I repeat, what is their answer (pause)? Dogone if I know (scratches his head) and we have no time to wait

for their reply. Time and tide wait for no man, so they say; but in my time I have seen that proverb knocked out, my hearers. While the time and tide may not wait for the man, ah, my friends, how often have I seen the man wait for the tide, and get it, too. I have seen the laboring man—the honest ton of soil—I should say, the son of toil—who works hard all week, come home Saturday night to his wife, and give her all the money he had—left. I have seen that wife give her husband two dollars, hand him the market basket, and tell him to come home with a load—and he did it. Ah, my friends, I have known husbands who could do the same thing for half the sum. But we digress (takes up wet sponge and wets his forehead). Look—look me in the face, fellow-citizens, and tell me what do you see? A countenance beaming with magnanimous infelicity; words fail to express the spontaniety of my embarrassing indefateness-ness (wipes face completely with sponge, leaving his face almost white; he looks at audience). I am not here to be laughed at. I want to talk to you soberly; but since you wish to turn me into ridiculousness, I will withdraw from this conglomeration of cocatamacious obstroperesness (picks up umbrella, falls over it as he exits).

BURNT CORK.

We can furnish burnt cork, enough for eight people for 30c. a box. To remove the cork from the face apply plenty of soap and water with a sponge.

CONUNDRUMS.

What has three feet, yet never walks? A yard.

Why do you always keep your word? Because no one will take it.

What word does your wife like best? The last one.

When is a ship in mid ocean not on the water? When she's on fire.

How can you learn the value of money? Try to borrow some.

Why was Robinson Crusoe not superstitious? Because he had faith in Friday.

What is it that has four legs and only one foot? A bed.

Why is a whale like an elocutionist? They are both spouters.

Why is a dentist a leader in society? He attends so many swell gatherings.

Why is it impossible to steal a pair of shoes. One of them is always sure to be left.

When is a window like a star? When it's a skylight.

Why is a stage prompter like a policeman? He is a guardian of the peace.

Why is a fish-dealer never generous? His business makes him sell-fish.

When does a young lady lose her self-possession? When she gives herself away.

Why does a wife hug her husband? Because she wants to get around him.

When was theatrical business first spoken of in the Bible? When Eve appeared for Adam's benefit.

What is the difference between a pie and a pair of pants? You have to make a pie before you can cut it, and you have to cut a pair of pants before you can make them.

Why is the "theatrical art" like a spring chicken? It's all legs and wings.

Can you tell me the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers are the freight, and the horses make the car-go.

Why is a young lady dependent on the letter y? Because without it she would be a young lad.

What is it that one cannot give without taking, nor take without giving? A kiss.

Why is a professional thief always very comfortable? Because he takes things easy.

What consolation has a homely young girl? She will be a "pretty old one" if she lives long enough.

When is a bridegroom often more expense than a bride? Because the bride is given away, and the bridegroom is often sold.

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

How do young ladies show their dislike to moustaches? By setting their faces against them.

What is the chief product of the Philippine Islands? Trouble.

What's the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

Where did Moses get his first suit of clothes? In Jordan Marshes.

Which is the west side of a boy's trousers? The side the Son sets on.

Who were the first astrologers? The stars, because they studded the heavens.

What is the shape of a kiss? A lip tickle. (elliptical.)

What useful thing in the kitchen is the most powerful? The grate.

What useful thing is more powerful than the grate? the grater (nutmeg grater).

What is the difference between a cat and a match? One lights on its feet, and the other on its head.

What is the difference between a barber and a sculptor? One curls up and dyes and the other makes faces and busts.

What is the best way to keep fish from smelling? Cut their noses off.

Why is a new-born babe like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

What is the most generous animal in the world? A skunk, because they give everyone passing a s-cent.

What is the difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow? None; they'll both jump at the first chance.

Why does the sun not set in the East? Because the y-east makes everything rise.

Why is a gay young widow like an eclipse? Because she don't stay long in black.

What animal has death no effect on? The pig, for when you kill him you cure him, and thus save his bacon.

Why should a straw hat never be raised to a lady on the street? Because it is not felt.

Why should young ladies be employed in the post office? Because they can manage the males.

Why is it that every man's pants are too short? Because his legs stick out two feet.

Why is a sick horse like a bad play? Because it can't run and it can't draw.

Why are doctors like highwaymen? Because their business with you is either your money or your life.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailor. One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

Why is a mouse like a bale of hay? Because the cat-tle eat it.

What is the best way to find a young lady out? to her house when she is not in.

What are the best seats in the house? The recei

Why are women like salad? Because they b need a great deal of dressing.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it won't r long without winding.

What is the difference between a dead nigger a a dead Irishman? When the nigger is dead he's dea but when an Irishman is dead they wake him.

Why do little birds in their nest agree? Becau they are afraid of falling out.

Why is a whisper forbidden in good society? B cause it isn't aloud.

What is that which is often brought to a tal often cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

When is a cow not a cow? When she is turn into a field.

When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When i wrung for dinner.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they h the reins.

Why is the crow the bravest bird? Because never shows the white feather.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses suit.

When is a silver cup most likely to run? Whe is chased.

What is taken from you before you get it? Y photograph.

What part of a watch reminds one of a junk sh Second-hand.

Who is the man who invariably finds things d The scissors grinder.

What is the longest word in the English language? Smiles—because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

Who is the lover who never has a rival? The man in love with himself.

What is one of the easiest ways to put down a carpet? Lower the price.

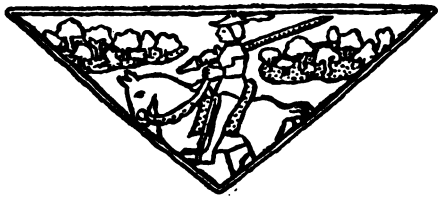
What would be a good name for a swimming school? Dew Drop Inn.

What is the difference between a bicycle and a yacht? Tacks do not puncture a yacht.

What scholar is never far from the head? The pupil of the eye.

What city is drawn more frequently than any other? Cork.

Why is a ferry-boat like a good rule? Because it works both ways.



NEW JOKES FOR FEMALE MINSTRELS.

PART II.

Note:—The middle lady in these jokes is addressed as Miss Johnsing, but any name can be substituted, and the same can be done with the end ladies; the funnier the name used the better.

End.—Miss Johnsing, I understand you hab been out West.

Miss Johnsing.—Yes, went everywhere, saw everything.

End.—Well, Miss Johnsing, what impressed you most?

Miss J.—Well, Tambo, I think I was most impressed by the sunrise.

End.—'Scuse me, dat was impossible.

Miss J.—Why impossible?

End.—'Cause the sun don't rise in the West.

End.—Miss Johnsing, why is the moon often spoken of as the silvery moon?

Miss J.—I don't know. Why is the moon often spoken of as the silvery moon?

End.—Because we get it in halves and quarters.

End.—Miss Johnsing, what do you think of the Faith Cure?

Miss J.—The Faith Cure?

End.—Yes, de new cure for all ills, de Faith Cure.

Miss J.—Oh, I think it is a very fine thing, and often succeeds where other methods fail.

End.—Yas, but I think medicine beats the Faith Cure ebery time.

Miss J.—Why do you think medicine beats the Faith Cure?

End.—Because, you see, medicine has always got the inside track.

End.—Miss Johnsing, what do you think of the new idea of gentlemen calling their wives pet names symbolical of their occupation?

Miss J.—Don't think I've heard of the idea before; I should not think it would be practical.

End.—Oh, yes. It is very easy.

Miss J.—How so? What, for instance, could a lawyer call his wife?

End.—Sue.

Miss J.—Good,—a teamster?

End—Carrie.

Miss J.—A real-estate dealer?

End.—Lottie.

Miss J.—What would you call a printer's wife?

End.—Em.

Miss J.—A sportsman's wife?

End.—Betty or Dear.
Miss J.—A fisherman's wife?
End.—Nettie or Minnie.
Miss J.—A shoemaker's wife?
End.—Peggy.
Miss J.—An auctioneer's?
End.—Biddy.
Miss J.—An engineer's?
End.—Bridget.
Miss J.—A chemist's wife?
End.—Ann Eliza.

End.—Miss Johnsing, why do swans sing just before death?

Miss J.—I've heard that they do so, but I'm afraid I can't tell you why.

End.—Well, I can tell you.

Miss J.—Out with it, then. Why do swans sing just before death?

End.—Because it's their last chants.

End.—Where do we find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre, Miss Johnsing?

Miss J.—I think I shall have to give that up; where do we find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre?

End.—When Joseph was let into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

End.—Dar's some berry strange things happening in the newspapers now-a-days.

Miss J.—Yes, Tambo, the papers are filled with strange items; to what particular one do you refer?

End.—Why, I was reading last evening of a man who was shaving, and accidentally cut off his nose; in the excitement, he dropped his razor and decapitated one of his toes. Hastily picking up the dismembered portions, he clapped them to the bleeding wounds and bound them on tightly, and they healed.

Miss J.—Well there was nothing strange in that, unless it was the double accident.

End.—Oh, yes there was—after the flesh had healed and grown fast, he removed the bandages, and to his dismay found he had a well-developed toe where he should have had a nasal organ, and vice versa, and now when he gets a cold he has to remove his shoe and stocking in order to blow his nose.

End.—Yes, Miss Johnsing, dat was singular, and I quite agree with Tambo that singular things are recorded in the papers every day. Why, I was reading the other day of a man who bought a bedstead, the wood of which was so green that one warm day in spring, it broke out all over with buds, and in a week was covered with little groves of waving branches. In the autumn the children picked the chestnuts from the sidepieces, and the next spring, tapped the headboard for maple syrup.

End.—When you went to the masquerade the other night, Nellie, why did you refuse to take your mask off after eleven o'clock?

Miss J.—I had no mask on.

End.—That's what I told them, but they wouldn't believe me.

End.—Can you tell me why the young ladies in (local) are like dice?

Miss J.—Because they're hard to get?

End.—No. They're easy enough to get, but they're hard to shake.

End.—What is the difference between a mouse and a pretty young lady?

End.—Why, generally they are a long ways apart.

Miss Johnsing.—Well, Bones, what difference do you find between a mouse and a pretty young lady?

End.—One harms the cheese, the other charms the he's.

End.—Miss Johnsing.—The street cars are great places to see fun.

Miss J.—Yes, Tambo, I know of no better place to study human nature than in the street cars.

End.—I was coming down town in a car the other day. There was a man on the platform who was a little the worse for liquor, but was not noisy or offensive. The car stopped to take on a dignified gentleman who noticed that the man was a little "how came you so?" and who at once said to the conductor, "Do you allow drunken persons on this car?" The conductor replied, "Sometimes, when they are not too drunk; just take a seat at the end of the car and keep quiet, and you will be all right."

End.—I was in an electric car the other evening, and as the car started ahead suddenly after a stop, a stout lady who was standing by a gentleman, evidently her husband, stepped on the best corn of a man standing back of her, who from the sudden pain

of this intrusion, let slip an expression not used in the best society. The lady's husband immediately resented it by saying, "How dare you swear before my wife?" "I beg your pardon, sir," said the injured man, "I didn't know she wanted to swear first."

End.—Well, I was on one of the southern railroads, and I heard a passenger ask the conductor what kind of a train is this, conductor, a local or freight? The conductor was indignant, and answered brusquely, "No, sir, this is the fast express." "Oh, I beg pardon," said the passenger, "would you mind telling me what it is fast to?"

End.—Miss Johnsing, do you object to answering a personal question on domestic affairs?

Miss J.—Certainly not, Tambo, if it is a proper question.

End.—Oh yes, I think it is all right.

Miss J.—Well then, let us have it.

End.—Does your brother wear corsets?

Miss J.—Ha, ha, ha! My brother wear corsets? Of course not; what put such an idea in your head, Tambo?

End.—Oh, nothing, except that I heard you tell Bones the other day that your sister had Warner Brothers coraline corsets for years.

End.—I know a man in New Haven who never entered Yale, and yet he declared that at different times he has pulled in a number of the Freshman and 'Varsity crews.

Miss J.—Why, how is that?

End.—Oh, he's a policeman.

End.—Speaking of policemen, why don't they charge fares for policemen on electric cars?

Miss J.—Well, why don't they charge fares for policemen on electric cars?

End.—Because you can't get a nickel out of a copper.

End.—Do you know, Miss Johnsing, why an umbrella is a most singular article?

Miss J.—I don't see anything singular about an umbrella.

End.—Well, it has quality, unequalled and unexcelled by any other article of real or fancy usefulness.

End.—Whoa, dar, stop her, whar you going, gal?

Miss J.—Well Tambo, tell us why an umbrella is a most singular article.

End.—Because it is no good till used up.

End.—Miss J. why is spring the best time to take a vacation?

End.—Oh, I know, that's easy.

Miss J.—Well, Tambo, you tell us why the spring is the best time to take a vacation.

End.—Why, you have the grippe all ready.

End.—Go 'way, chile, the grippe is laying round all winter. You're way off.

Miss J.—Well Bones, why is the spring the proper time to take a vacation?

End.—Because then the grass begins to shoot, even the trees begin to leave.

End.—Oh my! that's an awful chestnut to spring.

Miss J.—Tambo, I suppose you are to be congratulated on having a nephew. Have you seen the baby?

End.—Oh, yes, Miss Johnsing. Dat's de smart pickanniny I eber heard of; why, he talks.

Miss J.—Why, impossible! He's only two montl old.

End.—Dat's why I say he's the smartest. Neve heard of a child talking at two months before.

End.—Oh, dat's nothing; guess you don't read d Bible much.

End.—Guess I read the Bible as much as you do, chile.

End.—Well, doesn't it say that Job cursed the day he was born?

End.—Miss Johnsing, the cook where I reside——

End.—Shoo, hear dat girl. You mean the place where you are working.

End.—Go way, nigger, I belong to the four hundred.

End.—Oh yes, you are one of the ciphers.

Miss J.—There, there, ladies, don't quarrel. What were you going to say, Bones?

End.—The cook where I live met with a singular accident the other evening.

Miss J.—Indeed, what was it?

End.—She went to get a drink of milk in the dark, and by mistake drank a pint of yeast.

Miss J.—Dear me, that was singular. Did it hurt her?

End.—Oh no, didn't hurt her; but she has risen three hours earlier every morning since.

End.—Miss Johnsing, I suppose you read the advertisements in de papers.

Miss J.—Oh yes, I read the papers same as most people.

End.—Well, then, you see the funny advertisements and wants.

Miss J.—To what particular ones do you refer?

End.—Oh, no particular ones. You often find funny ones in de papers, for instance, I read one where a down-town dining-room advertised "Corn beef fried in a pan with coffee 10 cts." Rather queer dish.

End.—I read one the other day "Wanted, small boy to deliver oysters that can ride a wheel."

End.—My Sam saw an ad. in the papers and sent a dollar to a man who advertised he would tell a sure way to make money fast. Golly, dat Sam was mad.

Miss J.—Didn't he get an answer?

End.—Yah, Yah, oh, yes, he got an answer.

Miss J.—Well, what was it? How was he to make money fast?

End.—Put glue on it.

End.—Dat reminds me, my neighbor, Mr. Jones, bought a suit of clothes the other day, and they were too large. Mrs. Jones, she's de boss, went back with him, and not being able to find anything to fit, demanded the money back. Mr. Abrams said he guess not. "Your advertisements say money returned if not approved," said the lady. "So they do," answered Mr. Abrams, "but my dear lady, your husband's money was approved; it was good monish."

End.—I cut out some of the funny ads, and here they are (reading from paper).

Girls wanted for cooking, etc.

Young girl wants washing.

Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday.

Wanted, experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same.

Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted, for the summer, a cottage by family with good drainage.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame.

Brown, the furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin.

Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to Europe; willing to take care of a baby and a good sailor.

Miss J.—Those are certainly funny.

End.—Oh yes, it's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Miss J.—How so?

End.—Here's a man offers $1,000 for a bird dog. That's sublime. Here's the owner, who won't take it. That's ridiculous.

Miss J.—Bones, what has become of the Anti-slang society that you took so much interest in a short time ago?

End.—Oh, it's in the consomme, the president imagined she was the only dent in the pan, so we gave her the razzle dazzle, and the dinky dink society shot the chutes.

Miss J.—Dear me.

End.—Why does the American Eagle look at the sun?

Miss J.—Well, Tambo, why does the American Eagle look at the sun?

End.—He wants a husband for the daughters of America.

End.—I've often heard you speak of your wonderful memory, Miss Johnsing.

Miss J.—Well, I have the reputation of having a fine memory for names, events, etc.

End.—Well, can you repeat your conversation with me two nights ago, word for word?

Miss J.—Certainly not; that would be impossible. Why ask such a question?

End.—Because I know where you will find every word of that conversation.

Miss J.—Nonsense.

End.—Sure, every word.

Miss J.—Where will I find every word of a private conversation with you?

End.—In the Century Dictionary.

End.—I should like to test your memory, Miss Johnsing.

Miss J.—Well, go ahead.

End.—Can you tell me where you went on your tenth birthday?

,Miss J.—I guess you have me, Tambo. I confess I don't remember.

End.—Well, I can.

Miss J.—Why, how should you know where I went on my tenth birthday?

End.—Oh, I know just the same as though I was there.

Miss J.—Well, where did I go on my tenth birthday?

End.—Into your eleventh year.

End.—What is it that we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?

Miss J.—Well, what is it?

End.—Stop a minute.

End.—Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?

Miss J.—I'm sure I can see no connection. Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?

End.—To keep a check on his stomach.

End.—Why should every capitalist invest in a pair of garters?

End.—Don't know; why should every capitalist invest in a pair of garters?

End.—Because they are good things to hold stock in. Speaking of style in dress, I understand that large checks are popular for lawyers' suits.

End.—Miss J.—What do men go out nights after?

Miss J.—I'm sure I can't tell. What do men go out nights after?

End.—After dark.

End.—Say, Miss Johnsing, are bicycles masculine and feminine?

Miss J.—Why, no, Bones. Bicycles have no gender. Why do you ask?

End.—Because I read that the letter-carriers in Washington rode mail bicycles,

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,Miss J.—So they have another baby at your house, Tambo?

End.—Yes, the missus is very much pleased. The first one, you know, was a girl.

Miss J.—Then this one belongs to the contrary sex?

End.—Yes. This one's a girl, too.

End.—Miss Johnsing, can you tell me what was the color of the wind and the waves in the great storm of November, 1898?

Miss J.—Certainly not; how should I know?

End.—Oh, I thought you was a walking encyclopedia. You seem to have all the news like a yellow journal.

Miss J.—I don't think that very complimentary.

End.—To the journal or yourself?

Miss J.—To compare me with a yellow journal.

End.—Well, perhaps I should have said the Black Cat.

Miss J.—Enough of that. I don't wish to be insulted.

End.—Oh, I mean nothing personal. But to return to our topic of conversation. I understand that you are unable to give me the accurate replication to the elementary interrogation that I had the honor to propound a few brief moments ago?

End.—Look out (bangs tambourine violently) here comes Miss Noah Webster on a rampage.

End.—Hold your hush, chile, or there will be something drop.

End.—Yes, I heard several big words drop very heavily.

Miss J.—Well Bones, what was the color of the wind and the waves in the great storm of November, 1898?

End.—The wind blew, and the waves rose.

End.—I suspected Noah was round somewhere. But speaking of the great storm. You remember the great snow storm?

Miss J.—Oh yes, the snow was very deep. I was completely blocked up at home, and couldn't get in to town.

End.—Exactly; well, my milk man was one of the fortunate ones who got in, and he made a fortune by doing so.

Miss J.—How so, Tambo?

End.—Well, you see, he left home early with his load of milk, and he had such a hard time bumping through the snow, that when he arrived in the city the milk was all churned to butter, which he sold for ten times what the milk was worth.

Miss J.—Well, he was a lucky man.

End.—Oh, not so lucky, after all; for on his return he was so long getting back home that he had to spend all the money he made on the butter, and was in debt for board for himself and horse, to say nothing of having grown whiskers so that his family refused to recognize him till he could show identification papers.

End.—That reminds me of a sign I once saw in a barber's shop, "If you haven't ten cents, have whiskers."

End.—Miss J. You remember my neighbor, Mrs. Jones?

Miss J.—Oh yes, very well.

End.—Well, she is a funny woman. She called her little boy Flannel.

Miss J.—Well, that is a singular name. What did she call him Flannel for?

End.—Because he shrunk so from being washed.

e has funny ideas. Why, she planted bird seed be-use she wanted to raise a canary. I was in there the her day, and she was trying to open the piano. I ked her if she hadn't a key belonging to it. "Oh, re are a couple of dozen keys belonging to it, but ey are all inside," she answered. She was down wn the other day, and saw a pile of soap in a win-ow. Going into the store she told the clerk she ould take half a dozen cakes. "Will you have it ented?" said the clerk. "No, thank you," she re-lied, "I'll take it with me."

End.—Miss Johnsing, what would a chicken say it found an orange in the nest?

Miss J.—Well, I'm sure I can't tell. What would chicken say if it found an orange in the nest?

End.—"Oh, look at the Orange Mama laid."

End.—What is the best advertised article?

Miss J.—That would be hard to tell; what do you hink is the best advertised article?

End.—Tobacco.

Miss J.—Why is tobacco the best advertised article?

End.—Because it is always being puffed up.

End.—Well, perhaps you can tell what is the worst advertised article?

Miss J.—I can't say that I can, Tambo. What is the worst advertised article?

End.—Drink.

Miss J.—Why so?

End.—Because it is always being run down.

End.—The other day I was down town in one of the large stores when a lady, who was evidently shopping, asked the clerk at the proper counter, to look at some baskets; the clerk took down a number of different sizes and varieties from the shelves and hooks, but the lady did not seem to find what she was looking for. Finally she said she didn't want to buy,

but was only "looking for a friend." The clerk, who had been very patient, and had taken down quantities, said. "Madam, if you have the slightest idea that your friend is in either of those baskets still on the shelves, I shall be pleased to take them down for you to examine."

End.—Miss Johnsing, what contains more feet in winter than in summer?

Miss J.—Well, Tambo, what contains more feet in winter than in summer?

End.—A skating rink.

End.—Miss Johnsing, you know my brother Sam?

Miss J.—Yes, I've met him several times.

End.—Well, do you know he is a wonderful chap?

Miss J.—I'm glad to hear it. Why, what has he been doing?

End.—Oh, he can be in two places at once.

Miss J.—Nonsense! that is impossible.

End.—Sure as rent day, dat so. Why, the other day he wrote me from Portland, and he said, "Here I am in Portland, and I'm home sick." Isn't that being in two places at once?

End.—Who was first created, man or woman?

Miss J.—Man, of course. Adam was the first created.

End.—You are wrong, Adam was not the first.

Miss J.—I insist I'm right, am I not, ladies?

All—Yes, yes.

End.—I will demonstrate to your ignorance. Was not Eve the first maid?

Miss J.—Bones, has your sister's engagement been announced?

End.—Oh, you mean Chloe. Oh, that's all off.

Miss J.—What, a quarrel?

End.—No, Mr. Jenkins was down, and proposed for her in regular fashion, told her she was his guiding star, and a lot more of that style of rubbish, and asked her to marry him bringing the conversation to a finish with the exclamation, "I wait your answer with bated breath." Chloe, who can see the funny side of things, said, "Well, Mr. Jenkins, you'll have to bait your breath with something besides beer and limburger cheese before you catch me. Good evening."

End.—I see by the papers that the widow Jenkins received four thousand dollars because her husband was lynched.

Miss J.—Yes, and very proper, too.

End.—Oh, yes, but I was thinking there are many women who'd be willing to have their husbands lynched for half the sum. There's Mrs. Brown, one of my neighbors. I met her the other day, and she was looking very pale and worn. I said, "Why, Mrs. Brown, how pale you look." "Yes," she said, "I've been having lots of trouble lately with a boil." "Dear me," said I, "how dreadful. Was it on your neck?"

"No," said she, "it was on my husband."

End.—What color ribbon do you want for a baby basket?

Miss J.—That depends on one's taste. What color ribbon do you say for a baby basket?

End.—Yeller.

End.—Suppose it is a baby dog?

End.—Oh, then purp'll do nicely.

End.—Say, Miss Johnsing, I think you are the finest looking woman I ever saw.

Miss J.—Thank you. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

End.—You could if you told as big a lie as I did.

End.—You remember Jessie Williams, Miss Johnsing?

Miss J.—Yes, what about her?

End.—She had her hand cut off almost to the wrist.

Miss J.—Oh my, isn't that too bad?

End.—Best thing ever happened.

Miss J.—How so?

End.—She was only getting $5 a week; now she is getting $12.

Miss J.—How is that?

End.—Shorthand writer.

End.—Did you know that vegetables can speak to one another?

Miss J.—I was not aware of it.

End.—Do you know what the carrot said to the turnip when it was pulled out of the ground?

Miss J.—No, I can't say I do.

End.—I'll meet you in the soup.

End.—I'm in trouble again, Miss Johnsing, and I think your advice will benefit me.

Miss J.—What's the trouble now, Bones?

End.—Well, you see a new German family has moved in next door to me, and the old lady, Mrs.

Krous, is a terrible rubber neck, and that is not all, but she is all the time borrowing something.

Miss J.—Well, what has she been borrowing now?

End.—Do you know she came in to-day and borrowed my clothes wringer to squeeze some lemons, and then asked me to loan her a ham. She said all she wanted it for was to boil with the cabbage, and she would return it again in an hour.

End.—Can you tell me, why is a woman like an umbrella?

Miss J.—Because she's made of ribs and attached to a stick.

End.—Wrong; guess again.

End.—Because she always has to be shut up.

End.—Naw! you fatigue me.

Miss J.—Because she stands in the hall.

End.—Naw, it's nothing about a hall.

End.—I have it; because nobody ever gets the right one.

End.—Ring off. That's not the answer.

Miss J.—Because you can't find any pocket in either.

End.—You are not within four centuries of it.

End.—I wonder if it's because she fades with age.

End.—You ought to be ashamed.

End.—It's a better one than vou've got.

End.—Don't you reckon I know whether it is or not? Who's conundrum is this, yours or mine?

End.—A woman isn't like an umbrella. There is not the slightest resemblance.

End.—I knew you couldn't guess it. It's because she's accustomed to reign.

End.—(after singing)—It must be torturing for a singer to realize that she has lost her voice.

End.—It is more torturing when she doesn't realize it. You can take that any way you wish.

Miss J.—By the way, Miss Tambo, have you and your lady friends organized that female orchestra that you were so enthusiastic about?

End.—No, that's all off.

Miss J.—Why, what's the trouble?

End.—Oh, none of us would consent to play second fiddle.

End.—I saw a man with two heads on his shoulders the other evening.

Miss J.—In a dime museum?

End.—No, in love; one was his girl's head.

End.—Your brother travels for a candy factory selling kisses, doesn't he?

Miss J.—Yes; how did you know?

End.—Oh, he's going to call on me to-morrow with a full line of samples. Do you know I often wonder why your brother never thought seriously of marriage?

Miss J.—He has; that's why he's single.

End.—How is your sister these days? I haven't seen her for over a month.

End.—Oh, her head has been bothering her a great deal lately.

Miss J.—Kind of neuralgia, I suppose?

End.—No, she's still wondering what style of a hat is the most becoming.

Miss J.—Say, Miss ———, can you tell me how they tell the age of a chicken?

End.—By de teef.

Miss J.—Go along, chickens don't have teeth.

End.—No, but I has.

Miss J.—Did I tell you that Mr. Evans called on me last evening?

End.—Say, but he's slow. Didn't he make you tired? Talked and talked about something idiotic and uninteresting, I'll bet.

Miss J.—Well, that's a matter of opinion; he talked about you a good deal of the time.

Miss J.—Can you tell me why it is that so many people always cry at a wedding?

End.—It must be because they have been married themselves, and they haven't got the heart to laugh.

End.—Oh girls, what do you think? When I was out to-day I saw a strange man who looked just as if he was going to kiss me. I never ran so fast in my life.

Chorus.—Did you catch him?

Miss J.—By the way, Bones, have you ever noticed that women when bicycle riding, always injure more female pedestrians than male?

End.—Oh yes, I noticed that all right, and I can account for it. You see, it's a woman's nature to run down her own sex.

End.—What kind of a race was that you and your husband had?

Miss J.—Race? Why, we didn't have any race.

End.—Well, that's very funny; the neighbors told me that you beat him.

STUMP SPEECH.

MATRIMONY.

Human critters, Hemale Humbugs an' Female Wictims: Straighten up, and listen while I splanifies de question of matrimony.

Matrimony am a humbug, husbands am tyrants, love am a sham, an' domestic bliss am a dam suck-in.

In de fust place, dars de honeymoon, or in some cases de winegar moon, dat passes away like de contents of a clam chowder pot before a parcel of hungry niggers. Den, aha, den, den you may wear your wedding dress at the washtub, an' your seventeen cent calico on Sundays, an' your lord an' master won't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, an' rip your dress up de back, stretching across the table for another flap-jack, and he don't bother to help you. Eh? Eh? How's dat?

An' all the time he's layin' his breakfast in, just as if it was de last meal he was going to get this side of kingdom come. Den he gets up from de table, lights his cigar wid last evening's paper, before you have had a chance to read it. Den just as he's goin' out, you ax him if he won't do a little errand for you. What does he say—eh? ah? Why, he tells you he's very sorry he can't oblige you, but he's so pressed wid business. Dat's de 'scuse. You needn't grin at me, you he-crocodiles. You know it's de trufe.

But s'pose you were to see him takin' ice-cream wid a young lady in (local saloon), while you are at home

putting new linings in his coat-sleeves, or sewin' buttons on his what-you-may-call em's—eh? ah? How's dat? Den, when he comes home at night, he'll just walk in, pull off his overcoat, and say "How de do" or somefin just as cool—blow up de chilluns, maybe wallup dem—an' down he'll sit in front of the stove pull de newspaper out ob his pocket, and read it all to hisself. He eats his supper, and down he lies on de couch, and snores away till nine o'clock. Den he gets up, and says he'll take a walk for an hour—mind you, de brute don't ax his poor wife to go wid him. Away he goes, and you don't see him again till two o'clock in de morning, and then you wonder how much he lost.

Nex' mornin' you ax him to let you have a little money, and he heaves a sigh, an' axes you if fifty cents won't do, as money is very scarce just now, and yet he expects you to buy your hats, shoes, stockings, etc., on that same fifty cents.

Gals, wenches, an' odder shemales, take my advice; set your affections on cats, dogs, parrots, ginny goats or canary birds, but let matrimony alone. It's a swindle, a humbug, in de gumphatic langwidge it's a dead beat. Tink of it—carryin' eight or ten or twenty-one children frough de measles, and de mumps, and de hoopin' cough, and de rash, and de itch, an' scratch gravel, and all de other complaints, some of them three or four times over. Den you may squeeze and save an' twist an' turn, and dig, and den you die. Den of course your husband goes an' gets married agin, and takes what you have saved to dress his second wife on.

But what's de use of mywastin'my breff on you? All you girls will go an' try it the very first chance you git. Dey's a sort of hyperlutin about de lovyers dat you can't resist.

STUMP SPEECH.

SILVER.

De women dis yea', no mattah ef deyse new women or ol' maids, is takin' a mighty big interes' in politics. We pint wid swellin' bosoms, filled wid pride an' commotion, ter de lion-hearted women who ar' battlin' wid tongue an' pen ter argufy in de political areny. Look at Mis' Bryan, fo' instance. It's true she stays at home an' min's her chillun like a mudder ought, but she also tends to de law business ob de firm, an' burns de midnight oil in writin' ebery one ob dose blessed speeches what her dea' Billy delibe's so bu'ful. How do I know it? I know it by sent'ments, all on 'em thought out in de female brain.

"Crosses ob Job," don' dat soun' like a woman? "Crown ob thorns upon de brow ob labo'" Why, dat's a woman all ober. Mos' likely she done think dat out after a hard week's washin'.

As I came on de platform dis ebenin' I hea'd a member ob de firs' yea' votah's club remark, "Hul, we don't want to see women at de poles." But dey do. De men all want to see women at de poles—some at de Norf pole, some at de Souf. We women now know jus' what we want; we want our confidences restored. Our confidences has been terribly shook lately, an' we ain't so skeered 'bout de fifty cent dollah as we are 'bout no dollah at all. You all know dat de first issue ob de greenback put sixty million into circulation, and den de depredators ob de currency issued subsidiary coin? Subsidiary coin. Dat subsided, till de firs' thing you know, dere won' be nuffin lef' in dat dere dollar but de stuffin'. My political deponents will tell you dat deyse only one plank in de platfo'm ob de silvah party. Don't you b'liebe dat.

Does enny one h'yar s'pose fo' an instance dat enny deliable, self-respectin' organization would think ob tryin' to suppo't itself on a little narrow railin' ob a platfo'm dat would bus' in two de firs' time he puts his foot on it?

My political deponents will tell you dat gol' is a sluggish movah, dat it ain' such an active hustlah as de greenback. Now, dat's jus' why we need de fo'ce bill, to fo'ce de gol' an' silvah, outen de vaults at Washington, an' hustle 'em right into de pockets ob de laborin' man. How we gwine decomplish dis? I leabe you all to study out dat pint. We women go in fo' financial refo'm; we do. Male finansteers hab tol' us ober an' ober, we ought to put mo' money in circulation. So we minded 'em, like we allus do. We put ours in circulation, an' it circulated so far it nebah come back. Dey turns round on us then an' calls us "spen' thrifs" an "did we think dey was Vanderbilts an' Astorses"? Spen' thrifs. Talk about your feminine extravagance, when ebery voter here knows dat de gol' plank ob de firs' convention was wivdrawn. De idea ob you men puttin' gol' planks in your platform, when a pine board's plenty good 'nuff.

We women wanter remedy de price ob ice cream so's you' honey's can get it fo' de askin'. We want sealskin sacks so cheap all de women can wear dem ef dey wants to. We want turkey so cheap dat de laborin' man—Lord! how we lub de laborin man—can carry a piece ob de breast meat in his dinnah pail ebery day, wid a hunk ob stuffin' as big as dat frowed in beside. We want de Cologne so cheap dat a woman can afford to fumigate herself seben times a week. Now, as fo' de free an' unlimited coinage ob silvah at de ratio ob 16 to 1, dat's all right as fa' as it goes, but 'taint 'nuff. Why, goodness lan's! wid millions lyin' idle in de vaults at Washington, a great

government like dis ought to do bettah by her humble citizens dan 16 to 1.

I'se tol' you plenty nuff 'bout soun' money, an' now, to talk fo' a minute on soun' sense. I had a letter dis mornin' from Mis' Count Castellane, in which she tells me 'Merican girls dat crosses de ocean goes in search of foreign titles, dey is huntin' up spuriferous counts, an' she ask me ef I cayn't pint out de means ob resecution. Las' week she walk by de house ob a Fifth Abenue belle, who was practicin' wid dumb bells, wid foils, an' wid de boxin' globes. Mis' Castellane goes in, an' she says, "What you gwine do?" An' she say, "I gwine get ready to be married. I'se gwine marry a knight—a night-hawk, but I s'picion he gwine marry me fo' my money." Sure 'nuff she's right. De weddin' breakfas' was hardly congested fo' he demanded to know how much she gwine to 'low him fo' pin money. When she tell him, he shriek, "T'an' nuff! I'se ruined. I'se been swindled!" Wid dat he gib her a box on de ear, but she parity the blow, an' knock him down, an' beat him good! Aftah he had simmered down considerably, she let him up, sayin', "I'll meet you again wheneber you are ready." Now, my deah young ladies, dat's what you mus' do ef you mus' wed a foreign count. Learn firs' how to hit out from de shouldah an' you'll fetch your man ebery time.

STUMP SPEECH.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

My Hearers—male and female, squenching my native modesty, which is natural to all of the weaker vessels, of whom I am which, I feel impelled to speak

to you this evening on the subject of woman—her origin, her mission, her destiny—a subject, being as I am a woman myself, I have given much attention to.

Man, my hearers, claims to be the superior of woman. Is it so? and if so, in what, and how much? Was he the first created? He was, my hearers, but what does that prove? Man was made first, but the experience gained in making man was applied to the making of a betterer and more finerer being, of whom I am a sample. Nature made man, but saw in a brief space of time that he couldn't take care of himself alone, and so he made a woman to take care of him, and that's why we were created, tho' seeing all the trouble we have, I don't doubt that it would have been money in our pockets if we hadn't been made at all.

Imagine, my antiquated sisters, Adam, before Eve was made. Who sewed on his shirt buttons? Who cooked his beefsteak? Who made his coffee in the morning, and did his washing? He was miserable, he was; he must have boarded out, and eat hash. But when Eve came, the scene changed. Her gentle hand soothed his aching brow, when he came in from a hard day's work. She had his house in order; she had his slippers and dressing-gown ready, and after tea he smoked his pipe in peace. Men, cruel, hard-hearted men, say that Eve was the cause of his expulsion from Eden—that she plucked the apple and gave him half; oh, my sisters, it's true; it's too true, but what of it? It proves firstly, her goodness. Had Adam plucked the apple, if it had been a good one, he'd never have thought of his wife at home, he'd gobbled it up. Eve, angel that we all are, thought of him, and went halves with him. Secondly, it was the means of good, anyhow. It introduced into the world, which separated them while they still had love

for one another. I appeal to the sterner sex present to-night. Would you, oh, would you, desire for immortality, unless, indeed, you lived in Chicago where you could get divorces and change your names once in ten or twelve years? Suppose all of you had been fortunate enough to win such virgin soles as me, could you endure charms like mine for an eternity? Methinks not. I know if I had a husband he would bless Eve for introducing death into the world. I progress. Woman, then, is man's equal, but is she occupying her proper sphere? Alas not, we are deprived of the ballot, and are not allowed to make stump speeches, or take part in politics. Is it right? True, we ain't as yet learned in these matters, but what of that? How many men who vote know who or what they are voting for, and how many stump speakers know what they are talking about? I demand the ballot. I want to be a torchlight parade. I want to sit in Congress among the other grannies. Weak! why I once knew a friend of mine who had strength regularly to carry her husband, who weighed two hundred and seven pounds, into the house every night, after he was lifted from a dray, onto which his friends who could stand more than he could, had deposited him. Many a time I've seen her lift that barrel of whiskey with a man outside of it.

Matrimony, thus far in the world's history, has been our destiny. A young man in my younger days, when the bloom was on the peach, ere sleepless nights spent in meditation on the wrongs of my sex had worn furrows into these once blushing cheeks, a young man came to our house, and conversed sweetly with me. It was my first beau. And, oh, my sisters, if he that night had asked me to be his'n, I should have been weak enough to have said "Yes"; and then I would have been a washer of dishes, and a mender

of stockings for life. But fate saved me. For he didn't ask me that night, or ever afterward. But there have been big women who has done something. There was Joan of Arc, who whipped the English, and Queen Elizabeth, the virgin queen, and Carrie Nation, not forgetting (some local woman) all being a credit to our sex.

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